

# THE LIVING AGE.

No. 805.—29 October, 1859.

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## NEW BOOKS.

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT HOUDIN, written by himself. Edited by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie Geo. G. Evans, Philadelphia.  
HIGHWAYS OF TRAVEL; or, A Summer in Europe. By Margaret J. M. Sweat, author of "Ethel's Love Life." Walker, Wise & Co., Boston.

[This is in answer to the article, "Philadelphia Advertisements." As the New York firm is now extinct, we omit the name which Mr. Peterson has sent to us.—*Living Age*.]

PHILADELPHIA, September 29, 1859.

LITTELL, SON, AND COMPANY,—

Gents:—I read in "*Littell's Living Age*," No. 801, an article reflecting on me, wherein you do me great injustice. The book in question was published, originally, by ———, New York, in 1854, and every one of the notices that we have advertised the book with, was appended to the work in 1854, and to their advertisements at that time. About a year ago we bought the stereotype plates of the book from that firm, and of course believed the notices they used were genuine, or we would never have used them. So you can see at a glance we are not to blame, and you will please place us right before your readers.

Respectfully,

T. B. PETERSON & BROS.

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From The New York Evening Post.  
SKYLARKS ON LONG ISLAND.

THE lark of Europe, called in Germany the field lark and in England the skylark, is esteemed one of the finest singers of the family of birds. Its note wants the fulness and mellowness which characterize that of many other of the singing birds—such as the thrush, and the European blackbird, not to speak of the nightingale—it is, in fact, rather a thin—twitter, we were going to say, but it is more than that, so we will call it a warble. But it is so agreeably varied, and withal so joyous, so exultant, so continuous, so apparently an irrepressible expression of delight, that these qualities make up for the want of body in its melody. The little creature seems actually to triumph and rejoice as he ascends from one height to another, sending his song down to the earth after his figure is lost to the sight. In England he often seems, in rising, to dip into the skirts of a cloud, and then to float away from one cloud to another. Yet his song seems, like that of other birds, to be intended only for the ear of his mate. He is a domestic bird, and remembers her fondly at his highest elevation. One peculiarity of the skylark is the habit of descending swiftly and perpendicularly to the ground near his nest. Shenstone describes it in one of his best stanzas:—

"So the sweet lark, high-poised in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast  
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,  
And drops at once into her nest."

Until lately we have never heard of the European lark in this country. At a late meeting of a German musical association of this city, the Harmonia, one of the company was asking how it could be expected that this should be a musical country when it had neither larks nor nightingales. Another replied, that as to nightingales he would not contest the point, but that as to larks, he was certain that they were to be heard in the proper season in the fields about East New York. This statement was confirmed on the spot by other witnesses. One of the company then observed that he had lately read in a newspaper that some persons in Massachusetts had not long since imported considerable numbers of larks, and had set them free in the fields, in hopes of domesticating them there. Upon hearing this the rest seemed to come to the conclusion that the birds had

migrated to Long Island, naturally preferring its shorter winters and softer climate to those of Massachusetts.

We recollect, however, to have heard, some three or four years since, though the authority of the statement seemed rather uncertain, that some person on Long Island had been at the pains to import a number of larks, with a view of naturalizing them on the island, and that since that they have been occasionally seen and heard there. If the lark be, in fact, domesticated in that part of the country, it seems more natural to suppose that they were introduced in this way, rather than that they migrated in a body from Massachusetts on account of the greater severity of the climate.

The skylark abounds in some countries the climate of which is extremely severe. We remember to have found the skies of the Shetland Islands alive with them. On the lonely isle of Bressay we heard them keeping up a perpetual orchestra in the streams of sea-mist that drifted through the air, until, in proceeding towards the shore, their music was drowned in the clanging cries of the sea-fowl that haunted the beach and reared their young in the shelves of the overhanging rocks. Bechstein, in his book on *Cage and Chamber Birds*, says that the field lark is at home all over the world, and that it is a bird of passage, arriving in Central Germany at the beginning of February, the earliest of all the migratory birds, and quitting it in large flocks in October. It makes its sustenance of a great variety of aliments—insects, grain, seeds, and even green shoots, so that it can sustain life where birds whose food admits of less diversity would perish. In England, however, the skylark is said not to be migratory, and in severe weather they seek the lower and more sheltered grounds, and gather about the ricks in the fields and haunt the farmyards, where this bird exhibits its resources by shelling kernels of oats, beating them smartly against the ground. From these habits we might fairly infer that, if any of the wild birds of Europe could be domesticated here, the skylark might. If it found the winter too cold, or the country, in certain parts, too much covered with snow, its power of sustaining a long flight would enable it to pass two or three degrees of latitude further to the South, where the winters, at least on the sea shore, are always what we denominate open ones.

The fact of the existence of this bird at the present time on Long Island we regard as pretty well established. The testimony of Germans, who have millions of skylarks in their own country, whose ears are familiar with their song, and who hear it again in this country with delight, ought to remove all doubt.

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From The New Monthly Magazine.

## FREDERICK THE GREAT AND VOLTAIRE.

WE believe that there are but few among our readers who will not agree with us that the celebrated philosopher of Ferney was a clever and unscrupulous scamp, whose only consideration was his own pocket-interest. Eaten up by envy, malice, and uncharitableness, he employed his talents in overthrowing any dangerous rival who came too near his throne, and, while fawning on his patrons, through sheer perversity did all in his power secretly to injure them. Probably, however, his ingratitude to Frederick of Prussia was the worst act of his long and illspent life—almost equalling that evinced by Napoleon III. towards Sardinia—and the true nature of the Gaul was shown in the series of deceptions he practised on the much-forgiving king. Strangely enough, though, while every historical student is acquainted with the outline of the friendship of the two men, no detailed account has, hitherto, been drawn up by any writer. This gap, Herr Venedey, a tolerably successful German historian, has now sought to fill up, and, with true Teutonic conscientiousness, has produced a work which it is almost impossible to read through, so overladen is it with comments and divagations from the subject-matter.\* With a view, then, of saving our readers a most disagreeable task, we will attempt to dig out a consecutive narrative, and spare their temper the rare trial it would endure were they compelled to fall back for information on the original.

We will pass over the first seventy pages at a bound, in which the history of the world in general, and of Prussia in particular, with a smart attack on Lord Macaulay, is brought up to the period when Prince Frederick, then a species of state prisoner at Rheinsberg, wrote his first letter to the prince of French philosophers. The cause of this rapprochement was simple enough: Frederick had learned to hate in his father every thing that was truly German, and this drove him among the quicksands of impiety. Rheinsberg had become a species of oasis, where Frenchmen high and low, teachers, literati, dancing-masters, and adventurers, were ever welcome guests. French literature commanded the civilized world, and—Voltaire French literature; hence it is not surprising that the prince,

then but twenty-four years of age, should enter into a correspondence with the celebrated poet of fifty. In his very first letter he writes: "I feel that the advantages of birth, and those clouds of grandeur with which vanity surrounds us, are of very little or no service. How much ought talent and spirit to be preferred to them." Voltaire replied in a letter in which the teaching he thought it his duty to offer the young prince was stifled in incense, to which Frederick responded: "You draw, in your letter, the picture of so perfect a prince that I can hardly recognize myself in it. It is a fine lesson, carried home in the cleverest way and most friendly manner; it is a talented mode of enabling the timid truth to reach the ears of a prince. I will make this image my model, and will do all in my power to become the worthy scholar of a master who knows how to instruct in so noble a manner."

✓ It is amusing to watch the way in which Voltaire piles up his flattery in order to gain the prince for a purpose of his own. In his second letter Frederick becomes a great prince and a great genius, who does the French language the honor of speaking it, and deems French poetry worthy of being immortalized in his odes. A little later Frederick becomes Alexander, and Voltaire naturally his Aristotle, and then, all at once, Alexander becomes a Socrates, and Berlin an Athens! To use his own words: "La Grèce, je l'avoue, eût un brillant destin, mais Frédéric est né: tout change: je me flatte qu'Athènes quelque jour doit céder à Berlin; car déjà Frédéric est plus grand que Socrate."

✓ Prince philosopher, a great prince, a great genius, an Alexander, a Socrates. All this, however, was not enough for Voltaire, and so he musters up his little German, and calls the young prince, who had up to the present only produced a few sounding letters and some doubtful poetry, "his God Frederick." Against this Frederick felt bound to protest, by saying that he had the same reasons as Alexander once had for knowing that he was not of divine origin, and the celebrated ode "Sur la Flatterie" was written as a species of rejection of this deification.

The meaning of all this was that Voltaire had one of his chronic fits of terror, and did not feel safe in France: hence, he would much have liked a residence at Rheinsberg, and makes more than one allusion to it, which

\* Friedrich der Grosse und Voltaire. Leipzig: Hübner. 1859.

Frederick would not notice, for his income was so small that he could not entertain his distinguished correspondent. Foiled in this, Voltaire suggested to the prince that he should buy the small estate of Beringhem, belonging to a relative of the Marquise de Châtelet (with whom Voltaire was then residing). The marquise was most anxious for the property to pass into other hands, and the five or six hundred thousand florins the property might be worth were not the question. The main thing was "that the Queen of Sheba (the Marquise de Châtelet) could then come and see the Solomon of Europe. Your royal highness," the writer then continues, "may easily imagine that I shall also make the journey. Then Jülich will be the promised land, where I may see *salutare meum*." In the postscript, however, he confesses that the estate really belonged to the marquise, though she obtained no rents from it, and hence, probably, the money was a consideration.

Frederick declines; Voltaire returns to the charge; Frederick is firm, and Voltaire writes to complain of his health. The prince sends him a recipe, and the philosopher responds, truly enough, that a cask of Tokay would have been preferable. Then he proceeds to beg an asylum in Prussia, as he is safe nowhere, but Frederick is sorry that he is obliged to go away with his father. In the letter from which we quote, he regrets Voltaire's painful position, recommends the philosopher to seek comfort in philosophy, and hopes the air of Flanders will act like the waters of Lethe in causing him to forget his sorrow. Voltaire was decidedly beaten on his own ground.

A few months later Frederick William I. died, Frederick became king, and a curious interlude occurred. The king's last work at Rheinsberg was his "Anti-Machiavel," which he sent to Voltaire to have published secretly, but when his father died he naturally tried to stop the publication. Voltaire, however, had already sent it to press, and when it appeared the king complained bitterly that whole chapters had been so altered that he could not recognize them as his own. At first, he thought about issuing a public protest against this falsification, but reflection told him that a king could not recognize the noble principles which had honored the prince.

The envoy whom Frederick sent to Paris to announce his accession took with him a cask

of Tokay for Voltaire, and the latter thought the time had arrived to strike the iron while hot; hence, he wrote the young king: "The Queen of Sheba would like to make her preparations for seeing Solomon in all his glory;" but shortly after he wrote more modestly to Count d'Argental: "Between ourselves, I do not know whether the King of Prussia combines royal liberality with his other qualities," for the crown prince had not come out of the trial nobly, and a cask of Tokay was no sufficient proof that the king would be more generous. Frederick, in the mean while, had written to Voltaire:—

"Pour combler tous mes desirs,  
Venez charmer nos solitudes;"

and added, in prose, "My dear Voltaire, love me always, do not forget me, and be assured that, next to my cares for my country, nothing lies nearer my heart than to convince you of the respect with which I am your faithful Frederick."

On the 12th of November, Frederick, whom Voltaire had now promoted to the "crowned Apollo," met the poet at the castle of Moyland, near Clèves, and he describes the feeling this interview produced on him in a letter to Jordan: "I have seen Voltaire, whose personal acquaintance I was so anxious to make; but I was suffering from a quartan fever, and my mind was unhelped. He is eloquent as Cicero, pleasant as Pliny, wise as Agrippa: in a word, he combines all the talents and virtues of the three greatest men of antiquity. His mind is incessantly at work: every drop of ink that flows from his pen becomes a *bon mot*. You will find me, on my return, very talkative; but remember I have seen the two things nearest my heart—Voltaire and the French troops." Under this impression, Frederick invited the poet to Potsdam, who went there with a secret commission from the French court. It seems as if he tried to oust the ambassador at Berlin and take his place, and the Queen of Sheba proceeded for the purpose to Fontainebleau. Although he did not succeed in obtaining an official position, Cardinal Fleury was glad of the opportunity of placing a spy near Frederick, and even sent Voltaire a letter full of praise of the King of Prussia, which of course, soon got into his hands.

The first great annoyance Voltaire experienced was, that Maupertuis accepted Frederick's summons to Berlin as head of



the Academy, in spite of his advice to the contrary, and this Voltaire never forgave. Another great fault was, that the king was as illiberal as the prince had been, and regulated his money matters in a way very different from that prevailing at Versailles, where a Pompadour held the purse-strings. Frederick evidently saw through him, for he wrote to Jordan on the 28th of November, 1740: "The greedy fellow shall drink his insatiable avarice to the dregs, and receive 1300 thalers more. Each of the six days he showed himself here cost me 550 thalers, and I call that paying dear for a fool."

From this time a great change took place in the monarch; his campaigns had commenced, and Voltaire's teaching had produced the only result possible—he had learned to despise his fellow-men: The young prince, who, a few years before, had replied to Voltaire's remark about "beasts that are called men," in the noble words, "my people is my God," now expressed himself as follows:—

"Croyez-moi, c'est peine perdue  
Que de prodiguer le bon sens  
Et d'étaler des arguments  
Aux bœufs qui traînent la charrue.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Laissez donc dans l'erreur profonde  
L'esprit entêté de ce monde !  
Et que m'importent les travers  
Pourvu que j'entende vos vers !"

Voltaire himself seems frightened at the result he had produced, for he writes thus to the "Brother of the Sun," the new title he had invented for his patron: "All I fear is lest you may learn to despise mankind too much. The millions of unfeathered animals that populate the earth are, by their mind and position immeasurably removed from you." There is a fine verse in Milton: "Amongst unequals no society." But Frederick, in his heart, was not so bad as Voltaire would have liked to make him: he was too much of a philanthropist not to feel dissatisfied at times with his own behavior as king. "La gloire" he fancied but a poor consolation for bloodshed.

So soon as peace was restored, the young victor turned his attention to the nobler half of the task he had set himself, and naturally invited Voltaire to Potsdam. Voltaire's pretext for quitting France was the religious persecution he was enduring, but he really had a commission from the government to try and bring Frederick over to the side of France.

But the reports he sent home were far from being gratis contributions, for we find him tacking on to a budget of news that he hoped the comptroller-general would allow him to take up 300 ducats at Berlin, in order to have a carriage for his return. Most crafty were Voltaire's manœuvres to obtain an official status, but, like all cunning men, he overreached himself. Frederick saw through him, while the French ministry were willing for him to do the dirty work, but would not take any responsibility on themselves. The consequence was a coolness, Voltaire's departure from Berlin, and an interruption of the correspondence for more than three years.

Voltaire was the first to hold out the hand for reconciliation: employing his old trick of approaching de cease, he begged the king to accept all his MSS. as a legacy, but the king wounded his feelings by daring to criticise "Sémiramis," and the insulted poet broke off again, until the king wrote to him a memorable letter in verse, beginning,

"En vain veux-je vous arrêter,  
Partez donc, indiscrette muse ;"

which seems to prove that the condescension cost the haughty king a struggle. But Voltaire committed a grave fault in the king's eyes almost simultaneously; he who had taken every opportunity to ridicule the Church, actually dedicated his tragedy of "Sémiramis" to Cardinal Quirino. Still, the king repeated his invitation to him to come to Sans-Souci, and his reason will be found in a letter he wrote Algarotti in September, 1794: "Voltaire has behaved in a most unworthy manner; he deserves to be branded on Parnassus, and it is a pity that so worthless a soul should be linked to so glorious a genius. Still," he added, "I will not express my feelings to him, for I require his aid in studying the French language; fine things may be learned from a vagabond. I want to know how to write his French, and what do I care for his morals?"

Still, Voltaire could not be induced to come to Prussia. He wanted to make his conditions. He declared that D'Argens had stated that he (Voltaire) stood badly at the court of Prussia, and the falsehood of this could only be proved by the king giving him "half a yard of black ribbon." Voltaire did not receive the order, and so he shilly-shallied. Hence the king, wearied of waiting, wrote to a younger poet at Paris, D'Arnaud:—

"Déjà l'Apollon de la France  
S'achemine à sa décadence;  
Venez briller à votre tour;  
Elevez-vous, s'il brille encore:  
Ainsi, le couchant d'un beau jour  
Promet une plus belle aurore."

The news of this soon stirred Voltaire's bile, and he wrote the king that he was prepared to come to Sans-Souci, but required four thousand thalers before he could start. Although the king had already sent him two thousand thalers, and melons from the hot-house at Sans-Souci, he forwarded him the required sum. Before setting out, Voltaire went to Compiègne, and waited on the Pompadour, in the hope of obtaining a political mission; and here, probably, he saw for the first time the poem in which Frederick compared him to the setting, and D'Arnaud to the rising, sun. At any rate, he wrote the King of Prussia these lines, in allusion to it, at this time:—

"Ainsi dans vos galants écrits,  
Qui vont courant toute la France,  
Vous flattez donc l'adolescence  
De ce d'Arnaud, que je chéris,  
Et lui montrez ma décadence.  
Je touche à mes soixante divers;  
Mais si tant de lauriers hivers  
Ombragent votre jeune tête,  
Grand homme, est-il bien honnête  
De dépouiller mes cheveux blancs  
De quelques feuilles négligées?"

\* \* \* \* \*  
Que diable de Marc Antonin!  
Et quelle malice est la vôtre?  
Egratignez-vous d'une main,  
Lorsque vous caressez de l'autre?"

To his niece, Voltaire, however, wrote: "The King of Prussia shall learn that I have not set yet;" and with such feelings he arrived at Potsdam on July 10, 1750. So soon as he announced his presence he received from Frederick the *Ordre pour le Mérite*, the chamberlain's key, a pension of five thousand thalers, and a promise of an additional thousand, if Madame Denis liked to follow her uncle. At first, Voltaire was very happy, and wrote home the most flattering accounts of Frederick, because he suspected his letters were read in passing through the post. But from the outset he betrayed his patron to Richelieu and the Pompadour; and a slight glance at his letters, written at the time, will prove what a double-dyed traitor he was.

At the same time, Voltaire was not idle in his intrigues at Potsdam, for the first person whose downfall he conspired was the rising sun, D'Arnaud. He accused him to the king

of having bribed his servant to steal a manuscript, and D'Arnaud was sacrificed. Still, this very triumph terrified Voltaire, for he fancied his own turn would come next, and he began to feel very uncomfortable, especially when the king's reader, La Mettrie, told him, probably in malice, that on speaking to Frederick about the jealousy the favor in which Voltaire stood aroused at court, the former replied: "I shall only require him another year; after the orange is squeezed we throw away the peel." Still, he held on at Potsdam till 1753, causing much scandal by a trial a Jew brought against him for selling him false stones for real, and by a dirty traffic in Saxon bank-notes which he carried on, and which the king himself was obliged to stop. This, and various other annoyances, produced a feeling of irritation between the couple.

It was not in Voltaire's nature to refrain from quarrelling, and before long he was at daggers drawn with Maupertuis, whom he accused of spreading a report that he (Voltaire) had said with reference to Frederick's poetry, "Will he never grow tired of sending me his dirty linen to wash?" Voltaire attacked him in pamphlets, and Frederick took up the cudgels for him so successfully, that Voltaire, in his wrath, wrote to his niece: "Coquettes, kings, and poets are accustomed to flattery. Frederick combines these three characters. It is not possible that truth can pierce this triple wall of self-esteem. Maupertuis has not succeeded in becoming a Plato, but he wishes his master to become a Dionysius of Syracuse." Oh! what a falling off was there! from Solomon to a Dionysius. Voltaire, however, was not inclined to give in, and he returned to the charge with his "*L'Histoire du Docteur Akakia, Médecin du Pape*," which utterly crushed his antagonist.

Frederick, unwilling to see the president of his Academy so humiliated, ordered Voltaire to suppress the pamphlet, and was, of course, obeyed. Strangely enough, though, it appeared at Dresden shortly after, and the king was very angry, not merely at the publication, but at Voltaire's impudence in denying all complicity. To end the matter, Voltaire took an oath not to attack anybody during the time he remained in residence at Potsdam. For some motive or other, Frederick had the Akakia publicly burnt in the public streets of Berlin, and Voltaire did, probably, the only noble action in his life—he sent the king his

order and key back, with the following verses :—

"Je les reçus avec tendresse,  
Je vous les rends avec douleur :  
C'est ainsi qu'un amant, dans son extrême  
ardeur,  
Rend le portrait de sa maîtresse."

The king, with equal nobility of soul, recognized his error, sent Voltaire back the gauds, and invited him to Potsdam. But Voltaire had been wounded in his tenderest point, and feigned an illness to excuse his going. "In literary disputes I know no king," he wrote to Paris. Soon after he demanded leave to proceed to Plombières for the sake of his health, which was granted him, and on the night prior to his departure he supped with the king, and a pretended reconciliation took place.

Voltaire's first stay was at Leipzig, where he began his abuse of Maupertuis with such ferocity that the president threatened him with personal chastisement, and Frederick boldly defended the president. Stung by this, Voltaire gave copies of the king's most biting satires to the ambassadors of all the courts attacked. From Leipzig he proceeded to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where he and his niece, Madame Denis, were arrested, and, so soon as his trunks arrived, he was forced to give up all Frederick's poems, his order, and the chamberlain's key. But it was too late—the mischief was done: the satires induced the Pompadour to sign the treaty with Austria and Voltaire was justified in saying, "I have entrusted my dispute with Frederick to three or four hundred thousand men."

Looking at the way in which Frederick ill-treated Voltaire, and the opinion he openly expressed of him (for he said to the English envoy at Berlin, Mitchell, that "he had the worst heart, and was the greatest rascal now living," and the hatred Voltaire, in his turn, evinced for Frederick, it is certainly curious that their correspondence should have ever again been renewed. At the close of 1753, Voltaire even proposed to return to Berlin, and Frederick wrote to D'Arget that he hoped Heaven would guard him from it, for "Voltaire was only good to read, but dangerous in intercourse." This fully explains Frederick's motive: Voltaire's letters were excellent reading, and full of incomparable talent, and much could be learned from them. Our author puts this so well, that we must make an ex-

tract, although we had taken a mental vow against it:—

"Frederick felt towards Voltaire just like certain husbands, whose love for their wives is increased by their absence from them. Who has not met such couples, who detest one another so long as they live together, but who write each other love-letters that grow warmer and warmer the longer they remain apart? Such was, in some measure, Frederick's temper: he was accustomed to Voltaire's witty tone, and was delighted whenever he could hear it without being worried by personal intercourse of the odious sides in Voltaire's character."

It was personal interest that again drew Voltaire to Frederick: he had published his "Pucelle," and had one of his cold fits. In one of the copies handed about Paris were the lines:—

"Et qu'à la ville, et surtout en province,  
Les Richelieus sont nommés maquereaux ;"

and this was the weak point in the duke's character. The fear of the Bastille induced Voltaire to implore from Frederick an asylum in Neufchâtel, and the letter in which he asks this is so nobly written, that we almost feel inclined to pardon his perfidy. Frederick replied in the kindest manner, and the quarrel was patched up. But Frederick was himself playing a double game: he knew the terms on which Voltaire stood at the French court, and was anxious to have a friend there, for the Austro-French alliance was a thorn in his side. He flattered Voltaire's vanity so cleverly by setting "Mérope" to music, that the philosopher really tried to do him a good turn with the Pompadour; but the Frankfort insult still rankled in his mind, and, on consideration, he thought it better for Frederick to receive a severe lesson as to insulting a man like him. His malicious attacks on the Prussian king were well rewarded: he received once more his patent as gentilhomme du roi, and, better still, his estates were freed from taxation.

But Frederick played a very clever trick about this time. Knowing that Voltaire corresponded with the French court, he wrote him that he was determined on blowing his brains out if driven to the utmost pitch of despair. Expecting that this letter would reach Richelieu, he wrote also to the marshal, proposing a peace which he did not intend; and Richelieu, flattered by the attention,

weakly consented. The convention of Kloster Zeven followed: Frederick was enabled to collect his strength, and the battle of Rossbach was the result. Voltaire never forgave the manner in which he had been befooled. This is how he writes to D'Argental after the battle of Leuthen:—

"In the terrors and changes of this war, buffoon scenes are represented like those in Shakspeare's tragedies. In the first place, the king who has a bee in his bonnet, makes an opera in verse of my tragedy *Mérope*, while signing a treaty with England, and sending me this masterpiece; then, after, he is beaten, after the Hanoverians and Hessians are driven out, he wishes to kill himself, makes up his packet, and takes leave in prose and verse. I am good-natured, and write him he must live. I advise him like Cineas advised Pyrrhus. I had even wished he would apply to Marshal Richelieu to put an end to the whole affair by making some concessions. All at once this inexplicable battle of Rossbach, and see there, my man who wanted to kill himself, kills in a month French and Austrians, and is master of the whole affair."

Voltaire was decidedly in a mess with the French court. It was owing to him that Frederick won the battle of Rossbach, and so, to regain favor at Versailles, he gives the King of Prussia the disgusting name of "Luc," within a month after the victory.\* He even has the boldness to allude to this accusation in a letter he wrote Frederick on the 21st May, 1758:—

"Horace, Lucrèce at *Pétrone*,  
Dans l'hiver sont vos courtisans,  
Vos beaux printemps sont pour Bellone,  
Vous vous amusez à tout temps."

To this odious attack Frederick replied in a manner worthy of his greatness, and had a sharp hit at Voltaire himself:—

"La mémoire est un receptacle;  
Le jugement d'un choix exquis  
Ne doit remplir ce tabernacle  
Que d'œuvres qui se sont acquies,  
Au sein de leur natal pays,  
Le droit de passer pour oracle.  
C'est pourquoi, vainquant tout obstacle,  
To vous lis et vous relis."

Then he adds to this tamarind-like compliment that Racine, Rousseau (ne vous en déplaise), Horace, Lucrétius, and Boileau, accompany him everywhere.

In the spring of 1759, Frederick sent Vol-

\* In anständiger Gesellschaft ist dieses Sudelwort nicht wiederzugeben, wie Voltaire selbst, der sonst alles nackt zu sagen wagte, es nur halb verschleierte, rückwärts wiederzugeben keck genug war.

taire another bundle of verse, probably knowing that it would soon find its way to Versailles. Nor was he mistaken. Voltaire was so horrified at the terrible attacks made on Louis XV. and the Pompadour, that he hurried to show the verses to the French resident at Geneva. Of course they soon reached the Duc de Choiseul, who, as Voltaire tells us, had friends too that could write verses. The reply was certainly frightfully severe, as it repeated the old odious calumnies against the King of Prussia. The latter, however, was not to be fooled into a treaty by all the tricks Voltaire played to make him forfeit the alliance with England by signing a separate treaty, and he stated he would make war henceforward with all the means at his command. He was decided on attacking the courtiers of Versailles, whose tenderness of hide he knew. "They cannot send me to the Bastille," he writes Voltaire on the 12th of May, 1760, "and, after all the harm they have tried to do me, it is but a slight revenge to hold them up to ridicule."

Voltaire was in alarm again, and his only resource was to publish at Lyons all Frederick's poetry, in which he attacked the petticoat government at Versailles, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. To Frederick he stated that these verses had been found among Maupertuis' luggage, who had recently died at Basel. Although Frederick rejected this perfidious calumny with horror, he could not conceal from himself the mischief this publication must do him, especially the verses commencing "*Allez, lâches Chrétiens*," which ruined his cause with George III. and Lord Bute. Hence he published a new edition of his own poems, in which this line was transformed into "*Allez, pauvres Chrétiens*," which, however, produced but slight effect.

Frederick was utterly sick of Voltaire; he could see through him, and suspected, indeed, that his memory, even after death, would be besmirched by Voltaire. He no doubt intended to break with him, but, before doing so, he sent him two more letters, which he wished to reach their right address through Voltaire. As postscript to the parting letter, Frederick writes: "You ever speak to me of peace—I would sooner let myself be cut in pieces than utter the word—I leave the *tripot* of Versailles to those who are fond of sliding on the ice of intrigues; and as for the Pompadour, I do not believe that a king of Prussia



need have any reserve with a Demoiselle Poisson, especially if she be impertinent, and forget the respect due to crowned heads."

Then, as if to a certain extent apologizing to himself and the world for having carried on his correspondence with Voltaire so long, he says once more: "I respect in you the greatest genius that has existed for centuries; I admire your poems, your prose, but, above all, your little writings. No one before you possessed so fine a tact, so certain and pure a taste; you are the most seductive creature I know, and able to make the whole world fall in love with you if you like. You would be perfection—were you not mortal." In concluding the letter, he writes, with biting irony: "I commend myself to Monsieur le Comte de Ferney, and the protection of his guardian angel, the immaculate Pucelle."

Voltaire wrote about the same time to D'Alembert: "I have turned Russian, for the history of Peter the Great has been entrusted to me, and it is a heavy task." And Frederick, who knew of this, wrote to Voltaire: "Tell me how you have come to write the history of the Wolves of Siberia? I will not read the history of these barbarians, for I should like to forget that they inhabit our hemisphere. Adieu, may you be happy, and say a little benedictite for the poor souls that are in purgatory."

These are the last words Frederick and Voltaire exchanged for four years, and it is characteristic enough that Voltaire announced in them that he had gone over to the enemy's camp.

Voltaire knew, and often openly declared, what a misfortune the victory of Austria would be for free thought in Germany and Europe, but his hatred of Frederick blinded him. But he rejoiced too soon; a year later, and the treaty of Hubertsburg was signed, which really gave Frederick the prenomens of "Great." But we can trace another motive for Voltaire's persecution of Frederick: in a letter he wrote the Countess d'Argental, at the very time he published the king's poetry, he says: "Je suis Français jusqu'à l'excès—especially since the splendid brevet, which I owe to you, my divine angel, and to the Duke of Choiseul." Voltaire was living at the time at the gates of Geneva, on his estate Les Délices, while close by, on French soil, he held Tournay and Ferney. Thus he could always be at ease: if the French government pursued him, he

went into Switzerland; if, on the other hand, the Genevese zealots threatened him for his attacks on Calvin, he fled into France. Of this French county *pour rire*, as Voltaire called it, he was anxious to enjoy all the mediæval immunities, and he soon obtained them from Choiseul as a reward for his attacks on Frederick, who took merely the revenge of christening him M. le Comte de Tournay.

In December, 1764, a report was spread that the King of Prussia was dead, and Voltaire was ordered to write him by Choiseul. Only Frederick's answer is in existence, and that is very cold and retiring: "You can console Europe as to the loss it believed it had suffered in me, for, though I do not enjoy magnificent health, I am still alive. However, I am much obliged to you for the interest you take in my health, and the kind things you say to me." The correspondence was again broken off for nine months, when Voltaire re-opened it, by asking the king whether, in case of need, he would allow a colony for unhappy philosophers persecuted in France to be established on his estates of Clèves. Frederick, of course, raised no objection, and wrote Voltaire so. Again three months elapsed ere he received a letter from Voltaire; in his reply to which he says: "There is not a merrier old man than you are. Your letter about the miracles made me burst with laughter. Your wit is ever young." But Voltaire tried to renew the correspondence entirely for his own security: he had begun his bitter quarrel with the priest faction of France about the Calas family, and wanted a refuge. But the king, though admiring his liberality could not be induced to support him in all he did; thus, when he took up the defence of some young men at Abbeville, who were severely punished for singing improper songs against the existing religion, Frederick declined any responsibility in their defence in the following noble words: "Toleration in society must insure every man the liberty of believing what he likes; but this toleration must not go so far as to recognize the impudence and boldness of young enthusiasts, who daringly insult what the people honor. That is my way of looking at it, which will at the same time ensure freedom and public security, the first requirement of every legislation. I bet that, on reading this, you will think how thoroughly German that is!"

There was also a special reason for Voltaire

to require a shelter in Frederick's camp, where he alone felt secure against any persecution. Rousseau had commenced a democratic movement in Geneva, and Voltaire, conscious of his injustice towards that philosopher, believed the movement was solely directed against himself. Hence he fled to Ferney, where he tried to set the King of France against the Genevese. Frederick, seeing through him, wrote laughingly: "I congratulate you on the advantages the people of Geneva have wrested from the Council of the Two Hundred. However, it seems as if that success will not endure any length of time; for the canton of Bern and his most Christian majesty are ogres, who can swallow up the small republics in sport." From July, 1767, till December, 1769, the correspondence again ceased, but at that latter period the disturbances in Geneva broke out again, and the democrats gained the victory. Straightway Voltaire renews his application about the philosophic colony, which the Swiss philosophers might be allowed to join.

Voltaire, too, was very unwilling to give Frederick any cause for ridicule, and the farce he played at Ferney with the Catholic religion would have afforded the sarcastic king a famous opportunity. But the pope and the clergy soon saw through the trick Voltaire had played them, and began persecuting him and burning his books. Voltaire complained to Frederick against "*ce Saint Père, qui est un pauvre saint,*" and hides himself behind Frederick, whose works were also burned.

"Il est beau savoir railler  
Ces arlequins feseurs de bulles:  
J'aime à les rendre ridicules,  
J'aimerais mieux à les dépouiller.

But the chief reason of all that induced Voltaire to renew his correspondence with Frederick was, that his Encyclopædist friends in Paris were preparing a magnificent demonstration for him. His bust was to be put up as a national monument in Paris, through a subscription of all the authors and artists of the day. On April 27, 1770, Voltaire wrote to D'Alembert, who was at the head of the whole business: "There would be no harm if Frederick (Luc no longer) were to put his name on the list of subscribers, for it would spare authors' money, of which they have so little. He owes me an apology, and you are the only person who can make the proposition to him." A few days later he

writes again: "With reference to Frederick, it is absolutely necessary that he should take part in the affair. Whatever he may give, Madame Denis will certainly give twenty-fold as much." D'Alembert wrote to Frederick, who immediately sent two hundred Louis d'or.

This noble conduct broke Voltaire's hatred for Frederick. The name of "Luc" disappears from his correspondence, and he concludes peace with Frederick by writing, "that he was penetrated by the honor his majesty had done him." He then goes on: "I humiliate myself because I feel how little I deserve the honor that the name of the greatest man in Europe should grace the design of my fellow-citizens, and, at the same time, I feel the deepest gratitude." Still, old sores are not so easily forgotten, and he goes on: "I have ever that incurable wound in my heart which Maupertuis dealt me. . . . But all that D'Alembert tells me of your majesty's goodness, is so powerful a balsam for the wound, that I have reproached myself for this pain, which pursues me everywhere. Pardon it in a man who never desired any greater honor than to live and die near you, and who has been devoted to you for thirty years."

The peace was a permanent one, and the correspondence was not again interrupted. The letters of this last period occupy one-third of the entire correspondence; but, though full of talent and brilliant traits on both sides, they no longer possess that interest which marked them so long as they offered those characteristics of the two men, which had not hitherto been properly employed.

Voltaire's last letter to Frederick closes with the words, "*Puisse Frédéric le Grand être Frédéric immortel!*" And the king himself held his funeral oration at the Academy of Berlin. But he had been a true prophet, when he once wrote to Voltaire that he granted him absolution beforehand for the insults he would sing over his patron's grave. Among Voltaire's papers were found his "*Mémoires pour servir à la vie de M. de Voltaire, écrits par lui-même,*" written at the period when Voltaire's hatred for Frederick attained its culminating point. It is the most malicious narrative that ever flowed from a pen; every thought is a treacherous stab from behind, every word a corroding poison. Any one who can overcome the disgust produced by wading into this filth, will find, however,

that the calumnies in the *Pucelle* so thoroughly contradict the *Memoirs*, that Frederick could not be possibly guilty of the crime he was accused of, if what Voltaire says in his narrative about the king be true.

We must do Voltaire the justice, however, of believing that he did not intend to let these memoirs see the light, after his reconciliation with Frederick. In the collected edition of his works, his publishers say: "Il est même très vraisemblable qu'il les avait oubliés, et que même, longtemps avant de mourir, il n'avait plus l'idée de les laisser après lui." In 1752 a private life of Frederick had been published, which bears such an affinity to these memoirs, that the suspicion as to Voltaire being the writer of it seemed fully justified. D'Arget wrote to Frederick and begged his permission to contradict the calumny. Frederick replied: "My dear D'Arget, the calumnies contained in this book do not merit your taking the trouble to dissipate them. It is my object to do my duty, and then let villany say whatever it may please."

After Voltaire's death the memoirs passed into Beaumarchais' possession with the other property of Voltaire. He sent them direct to the king, and offered them for sale. Frederick sent them back, and wished the owner much luck in the use he made of them. Beaumarchais was not great enough to feel what duty such conduct on the part of the king imposed on him, and hence Frederick survived the publication of this dirt. Who can doubt that this perfidy of Voltaire's, even from the grave, shook Frederick to the soul? who can say how much it tended to render him, in the last years of his life, "the hermit of Sans-Souci?"

Sans-Souci! how pleasantly that sounds! free from care, and a king! Old Fritz succeeded in almost every thing; he performed miracles, great and small, but if he really named his palace at Potsdam San-Souci because he fancied he could spend even a few hours there free from care, he must have possessed a degree of credulity hardly to be equalled in Italy or Ireland. But he did not call the palace so: the name was only given to six feet of earth—to a grave. When the palace that now bears the name was built, Frederick the Great decided that his tomb should be in a corner of the garden, and it was made as his future resting-place. One day, while passing it with the Marquis d'Arget, he said to him, "Quand je serai là, alors je serai sans souci." The grave gave the name to the palace.

Sans-Souci in the grave! In truth, that is not too much for even a king to ask, but—only if he thought with Byron—"no eternity but rest!" For the powerful Frederick, the mighty king, who, at the end of his hero career, only hoped to enjoy hours free from care in the grave was not destined to find rest where he fancied he had made his last bed. It is a melancholy thought that the greatest king of modern time ordered a grave to be made for himself just as he desired it, and does not even rest where he had determined in his might to lie. This "care" he might have saved himself above all others. Equally suggestive is the thought that this grave, which gave the palace its beautiful and promising name, was dug in the midst of deep cares, and is now empty.

What a magnificent subject this will prove for Mr. Carlyle when his promised and so eagerly desired volumes see light!

THE name Portalis is one which will ever be linked with the highest services rendered to France by Napoleon Bonaparte, or under his direction. The "*Concordat*" and the "*Code Napoléon*" are generally supposed to have been principally the work of Portalis who, after having evinced extraordinary power as an orator and advocate, and, moreover, being a man of rigid principles and an unflinching republican, became the counsellor and right hand of the Emperor. Messrs. Didier and Co. have just published an essay on the character and works of this eminent jurist, by M. A. Boullée, which throws an interesting light on the character of Napoleon and his times. As regards the principal subject of the work, M. Portalis himself, it

is affirmed by M. Boullée, that he had so strong an attachment for the emperor that he sacrificed his own opinions and feelings in a great measure to his master, and was satisfied to be the patient instrument of his legislative reforms. The "*Code Civil*" was intrusted to Portalis, in conjunction with Tronchet and Bigot de Préaménen, and the manner in which the laborious duty was performed reflects the highest honor upon all three, and places them first in the rank of codists. In early life Portalis addressed a disquisition on Protestant marriages to the Duc de Choiseul, which Voltaire dignified with the title of a "veritable manual of philosophy, legislation, and political morality." This from such a quarter, was high praise indeed.—*Critic*.

From The Saturday Review.

# BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

A FEW years ago the interior of the great continents remained unknown to the civilized world. Geographers with elastic consciences managed, from vague report, or by copying the fanciful inventions of their predecessors, to publish maps that were not altogether blanks; but if any one wished for reliable information as to regions in the interior of Asia, of Africa, and of North America, as large as half of Europe, he might search in vain throughout the literature of the last two centuries. We all know what great strides geographical knowledge has made of late years. Though Africa has been the grave of most of its explorers, Barth, Livingstone, and Burton survive to tell us of new countries that they have been the first to penetrate. But a small strip of Central Asia separates the tracks of Atkinson and the Schlagintweits, and before long we may hope that European travellers will reach, through China, that still unknown mountain region—the source of the greatest rivers in the world—as to which the scanty information given by M. Huc has rather stimulated than satisfied the general curiosity.

The obstacles to the progress of geographical knowledge as to these interior recesses of the old continents have been numerous and formidable. Climates mortal to European constitutions, the fanatical zeal of the followers of Mohammed, the jealousy of rulers, not utterly savage, but reckless of human life—these, in addition to the ordinary risks of travel, have made the career of Asiatic and African explorers a perilous one, illustrated by a long roll of those who have fallen in their course. Far less serious difficulties have stood in the path of those who sought to penetrate into the equally little known interior of North America. The climate is peculiarly healthful; the natives, few and widely scattered, though wild and capricious, are not, as a general rule, unfriendly; more than half of the continent belongs to the British Crown, and the remainder to the energetic and restless population of the United States; yet, until very lately, the progress of discovery has been slow and intermitting, and of such results as have been obtained scarce any authentic accounts have been published. Since the finding of gold in California, and the singular migration of the Mormons to the mar-

gin of the Salt Desert, the southern part of the continent has become better known. The extreme north, in spite of the rigors of its climate, had already been continually traversed by Arctic explorers, and described by such writers as Mackenzie, Back, Richardson, Simpson, and Rae; but as to the intermediate region—between Lake Superior and the shores of the Pacific, and from the Upper Missouri to the Northern Saskatchewan—very little trustworthy information has been accessible.

The chief, but not the only cause of this state of things has been the fact that nearly the whole of this vast territory has been under the control of a company of merchant rulers, whose profits have been derived from the fur trade. We are very far from joining in the clamor that has lately been directed against the Hudson's-Bay Company. It has, on the whole, performed tolerably well the duties that arose out of its anomalous position as trustee for the British nation in the government of half a continent. It has maintained peace and some appearance of order, by controlling and directing the more tractable, and by avoiding interference with the more energetic and warlike of the native tribes. The servants of the Company to whom authority is delegated have been well selected, and have generally shown themselves worthy of the great power which is necessarily entrusted to them. Through these men the natives have been taught to place confidence in their rulers, their coarser vices have been held in restraint, and here and there Christianity and civilization have made some progress amongst them. But the first business of a trading company is to carry on a profitable trade. As the Hudson's Bay Company deal in the skins of the fur-bearing animals, every other consideration has been subordinate to that of securing the preservation, and if possible, the continued increase of these animals, whose characteristic it is to fly far from the permanent dwellings of man. The state of things most favorable to the success of their trade is to have a thin population, widely spread, with no occupation to relieve them from dependence on the produce of the chase, and without the means of carrying this to a distant market. Such is exactly the condition of the greater part of the Hudson's-Bay territory. It has been no matter of doubtful policy, but a simple necessity of their position, to discourage the immigration of European settlers, the



formation of communities, employed in agriculture or trade, and the accumulation of wealth, which might open new markets to the Indian hunters. With this end in view, they have thought it expedient to keep as much as possible to themselves all information likely to direct public attention to the natural resources of their territory and to its fitness for settlement. Very few travellers have been through it who were not in the service, or under the control of the Company. Except a few expressions, since retracted, in the book of their able and energetic governor, Sir George Simpson, scarcely a word has been published which could lead to the suspicion that beyond the great central lakes there are extensive regions fitted to receive and support a vast population.

It was certain, however, that the time must come when the cautious policy of its rulers would cease to preserve from intrusion a territory held mainly through the general ignorance of its natural advantages. As if in obedience to some law of nature, the constant tendency of mankind is to follow the setting sun. From the original settlements on the Atlantic coast and on the lower course of the great rivers population has flowed onward towards the west, until half of the great continent of North America is peopled, in part by the descendants of the first settlers, but still more by the new comers annually carried from Europe. The great inland seas served for awhile as barriers; but they have now become series that help on, rather than slacken, the movement. Still the spaces are so vast, and the choice of sites for new centres of industry so various, that many years might have passed before any pressure had been felt against the limits claimed by the Hudson's Bay Company, were it not for the rapid rise of new communities on the Pacific coast, and the need for establishing direct and rapid intercourse with them across the continent. Within the last eighteen months, and since we last referred to the subject in this journal, that need has been greatly increased by the discovery of gold in the district now known as British Columbia. During the same period, political agitation has been proceeding in Canada with the object of annexing to that great province the entire of the Hudson's Bay territory. When we last wrote it was obvious that the time was rapidly approaching when the valleys of the Red River, the Assiniboine,

and the Saskatchewan must be freely opened to settlement. We may now safely say that that time has come.

In our former articles we spoke of the expedition under Mr. Palliser, commissioned in 1857 by the government of Lord Palmerston, at the instance of the Geographical Society, to explore the valley of the Saskatchewan and to ascertain the reality of the reported existence of one or more practicable passes over the Rocky Mountains in British territory—that is to say, north of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude—and between that boundary and the pass usually taken by the Hudson's Bay traders, lying between the two great snowy mountains—Mount Brown and Mount Hooker. A few weeks after Mr. Palliser's party had started for the Far West, the Canadian Government sent out another expedition with the more limited, but very important, object of exploring the country between Lake Superior and the Red River settlement. This track of rock and water, lying just half way between the mouth of the St. Lawrence and the Rocky Mountains, is the great obstacle to the advance towards the west of the people of British America. The Hudson's Bay Company have held their eyes fixed upon it as a secure intrenchment which was to keep out the dreaded influx of British population—not seeing that on the south side of the Great Lakes, through the American territory, their flank had been turned, and that even if no British settler should ever cross the swamps beyond Rainy Lake, they were certain to receive other less desirable visitors from the unruly population that precedes the regular course of settlement in the Far West of the United States. To maintain across the continent a British population able to reconcile freedom and order in their institutions, is an object in which the home country, Canada, and, properly speaking, the whole world, are interested. It is well that the people of Canada should be alive to its importance and willing to aid in realizing it. The notion of uniting the future population of the Saskatchewan in a single state, to be represented in the same legislature with Quebec and Montreal, is, we are quite sure, a mistaken one; but the mistake is one which will soon be apparent, and which may readily be corrected when those concerned have found it out.

Few of our readers can feel much interest in the controversy, long since raised, often re-

newed, and of which the Hudson's Bay Company have prudently avoided to seek a categorical solution, as to the extent of their rights, whether derived from their original charter, or from the subsequent acts of the Imperial Legislature. It is enough to know that they are ready to retire from all those parts of their territory that may be required for settlement, and that the only practical questions likely to arise regard the compensation which they may claim for property left in the ceded districts, and the conditions under which their trade shall in future be exercised. The Company will no doubt seek the most favorable conditions that they can devise, and their opponents, especially in Canada, will concede as little as possible. What is of real and immediate interest is to know what opportunities and inducements there are for establishing settlements in the country now held by the Company, and by what means such settlements can be brought into communication with the rest of the empire. We propose to give our readers a summary of the results obtained by the two recent expeditions in regard to the country between Lake Superior and the Red River, as well as a sketch of the more important geographical discoveries made by Mr. Palliser and his companions.

The basin of the St. Lawrence, including the five great lakes whose waters are now open to the commerce of Canada and the Northern States of the Union, is bounded to the westward by the greatest of them all, Lake Superior. Three hundred and eighty miles long, from Sault Ste. Marie, where its waters are discharged through the river St. Mary into Lake Huron, to the new American settlement at Superior City, where the lake gradually narrows towards its western extremity—and at its utmost width nearly half as far from north to south—this great inland sea receives but short and comparatively unimportant streams. To the north and west it is enclosed by a girdle of crystalline and metamorphic rocks rising into low, dome-shaped hills that extend at intervals to a great distance towards Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Sea. The large number of lakes, most of them but a few fathoms deep, that cover the whole face of this, which, from the frequent recurrence of that rock, we may call the granitic region, are formed in the hollows of an undulating, rocky plateau composed of materials so hard that the streams are unable

to cut deep channels in the surface. Rising in successive terraces rather steeply from the lake to the watershed, or so called height of land, about nine hundred feet above its surface, and distant from its shores some fifty or sixty miles, this plateau sinks more slowly and in longer terraces northward towards Hudson's Bay, and westwards towards Lake Winnipeg, the nearest of the great internal lakes of British America. The convex surfaces of rock are everywhere scored by the tracks of floating ice left upon them during that recent geological period when the north of America lay at the bottom of a shallow ocean over which fleets of tall bergs and frequent masses of floe ice drifted from the polar lands towards the south. The same agency and the subsequent action of rivers has deposited drift and alluvial soil here and there on the rocky terraces and hollows of the granitic region, thus forming cultivable oases in the midst of its sterile swamps whereon food may be raised for human use.

But two routes have been used by white men in travelling westward from Lake Superior. One of them, which was extensively employed by the North-west Company when they attempted to contest the monopoly of the fur-trade exercised by the Hudson's Bay Company, lay for a distance of from three hundred to four hundred miles along the line which was subsequently agreed upon as the boundary between the United States and British America. The terminus on the shore of Lake Superior is at the mouth of a stream called Pigeon River, which gives its name to this route. The other line, which alone has been in use for the last twenty or thirty years, starts from Fort William, the chief trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company on Lake Superior, and making a wide circuit to the northward, through a succession of lakes connected together by shallow streams, joins the Pigeon River route a few miles east of Rainy Lake. The mode of travelling by both routes is the same. Two sorts of boats are in use—the larger called "north canoes," thirty feet long, and carrying four or five tons; the others, "small canoes," very light, and carrying but three persons. On lakes and streams of moderate current paddles are employed; over shallows and rapids the canoes are forced along with poles; and where this is no longer possible, the entire contents are carried on men's shoulders, and then the canoe itself is

transported in the same manner. The labor of these "portages" is most severe; and it is evident that so long as they form a necessary portion of the journey, the road to the Far West cannot be said to have been opened to ordinary travellers. By the ordinary route, known as the Dog-Lake route, there are fifty portages between Fort William and Lake Winipeg, and by the Pigeon-River route, six or seven more; besides which, there are on each route a number of places where the baggage must be carried, although the empty canoes may be towed over shoals or difficult rapids.

The Pigeon-River line is from forty to fifty miles shorter than that by Dog Lake, but this advantage is partly counterbalanced by the serious labor and difficulty arising from the nature of the country near the mouth of Pigeon River. That river falls about one hundred and fifty feet in the latter part of its course, passing between steep, rocky banks, and it was, therefore, found necessary to avoid the river altogether, and to make a single portage of more than eight miles in length. Bad as this alternative is, the difficulty would be much greater if the portage were made on the British side of Pigeon River; and, in practice, it has been found necessary to keep upon American territory not only at this, "The Grand Portage," but also in several of the portages subsequently encountered.

The whole distance from Lake Superior to Red River by the Dog-Lake route may be divided into three portions, which were carefully measured by Mr. Napier, the engineer of the Canadian expedition, as follows:—

Lake Superior to Rainy Lake, . . .	335 miles.
East end of Rainy Lake to north end of Lake of the Woods, . . .	176 "
Rat Portage by Lake Winipeg to Fort Garry, . . .	237 "
Total, . . .	647 miles.

The first portion, leading up to the "Height of Land," and from thence to Rainy Lake, is the most difficult and laborious part of the whole journey. So far as we yet know, the prospect of crossing the upper part of the granitic plateau, either by a continuous land road or by a water channel, seems hopeless without an amount of expenditure greater than that of the most costly works hitherto achieved. A recent traveller thus speaks of it:—"In this country, there is neither con-

tinuous land nor continuous water; any attempt, therefore, to construct a road would be met by numberless lakes and straits, some of them of great width and depth, while the rocky structure of the country would preclude the possibility of rendering the water communication continuous." The second portion of the route is much the easiest; with a single break at the Chaudière Falls, on Rainy River, near which there is a large extent of land fit for cultivation, this section of the line is all practicable for small steamers. The canoe line from Lake of the Woods to Red River, forming the third section of the route, is very circuitous, indeed, more than double the direct distance. The valley of the Winipeg river, which it follows for one hundred and fifty miles, is rough and barren, and the river broken into dangerous falls and rapids, requiring not less than twenty-four portages. There is reason to think that this portion of the journey may, without unreasonable cost or difficulty, be replaced by a land road.

If regard were had to nothing beside the natural features of the country there could be no doubt but that the proper line for communication between the Canadian lakes and the Red River, and from thence to the Saskatchewan, should start from the extreme western end of Lake Superior. This seems to lie south and west of the troublesome granitic region. The difficulties to be overcome in opening intercourse with the Upper Mississippi are comparatively trifling, and from thence to Red River, during the season in which steamers could ply, they would not be much more serious. But the objections to relying upon a line of road through American territory have been equally felt by all parties in this country and in Canada; and the Canadian politicians who have been demanding the annexation of all British America to their own province have felt more than others the necessity for showing that nature has set no insurmountable barrier beyond the north-western shore of Lake Superior to the future extension of Canada. Insurmountable the barrier is not, but very formidable it certainly is; and we have been more than ever persuaded that it is so by a careful study of the papers lately laid before Parliament, giving an account of the proceedings of the Canadian expedition to which we shall refer in a future article.

From The Dublin University Magazine.

# A WOMAN'S SACRIFICE.

A TALE, IN TWO PARTS.

## PART I.

### CHAPTER I.—THE REJECTION.

"I WONDER, Julia, how our mysterious neighbor will turn out. His supercilious contempt of the gentry is unbearable. I have a great dislike to him."

"You are always too rash, Caroline, in forming your judgment. If you were of a lighter character I would not so much mind; but you allow your feelings to carry you away, and are capable of loving and hating too deeply. Trust me, there are other things beside feelings to guide us in our journey through life."

This advice was received with an impatient toss of the head; and rising from her chair, Caroline walked to the window, saying, "Julia, never speak to me about my feelings. I cannot control them."

Receiving no answer, she turned towards her friend, and saw her looking timidly and anxiously at her. Dashing over and throwing her arms round Julia in her naturally impulsive way, Caroline said, "You ought not to be angry with me, for you have the warmest love I can give. But, Julia, you do not trust me; why are you so afraid of me. You know how fond I am of you."

"I know that, Caroline. Yes, I am sure you love me; but I often tremble for you. Your nature, so different from mine, I cannot understand it; but it seems to me that with such a passionate and proud nature your path will be surrounded with dangers."

"Proud," said Caroline smiling, and standing erect as she glanced at her figure in the glass. "Was there ever a Digby that was not proud? My mother, she was proud too, I hear. I cannot help it; it is my nature, and I never will submit tamely to incivility. If Sir Alfred Douglass does not choose to show proper respect to his neighbors, I will show him that!"

"Caroline, you judge Sir Alfred very rashly. You know the young man has really done all that civility required; he, perhaps, wishes to live retired, and has formed no intimacy in the neighborhood. We are not slighted more than any other family. He returned your father's visit immediately. You are vexed," she continued, archly, "that so handsome a man as Sir Alfred has not been more sensible

to the attractions of the accomplished daughter of Colonel Digby." So saying, she threw her arm round her Cousin Caroline. "Come, let us have done with Sir Alfred," she said, "and resume our reading."

Caroline Digby, the younger of the two ladies, was the only child and heiress of Colonel Digby, a man of ancient family and large fortune. His wife, a native of the south of Italy, died when his daughter was but five years old, and thus she was left to the sole care of an indulgent parent, who never refused her the gratification of a single wish. She was young and beautiful, a tall and slight figure with a small Grecian head, well set on her neck and shoulders. Her features were classical, the outline clear but not sharp, the short, curved upper lip, together with the way in which she carried her head, suggested the thought that she was proud. A dark, olive skin showed she inherited with the warm blood of the south its strong passions.

Julia St. Laurence, the cousin and companion of Caroline Digby, was a contrast to her in every particular. She was of low stature, fair hair, her face pale and of an expression as if she had suffered much. Her eyes were light blue, and accompanied with a frightened look. She never seemed to be free from the idea that some dreadful shadow was following her. In speaking she never looked at the person whom she addressed, but kept her eyes lowered, and twitched her fingers nervously. She was the daughter of a sister of Colonel Digby, who had married Major St. Laurence, a profligate spendthrift, who had broken his wife's heart a few years after their marriage. Some years after her death Major St. Laurence married again, and Colonel Digby proposed to adopt his sister's children. This offer was gladly accepted. And for many years Julia St. Laurence and her brother resided with Colonel Digby. The sorrows of her childhood tended to make her of a subdued, almost melancholy, temper. She was of a cautious and distrustful nature, loving very few, and not unreserved to her brother. She loved Caroline, but she also feared her; she could not at all comprehend her warm, impetuous nature, which was so opposite to her own.

Julia's brother, Charles, some years older than his sister, was cunning, and keenly felt his position as a dependent upon his uncle's bounty; but as an inmate in Colonel Digby's



house he soon saw an easy access to the summit of his most ambitious hopes. Caroline's beauty attracted his admiration. To mould her character, to obtain her hand and fortune, was the aim to which he directed all the powers of his mind. His uncle's consent *must* be obtained. Here was a difficulty; but his cleverness assisted him in this dilemma. He discovered that the disappointment of Colonel Digby's life was his not having a son to represent him. To supply a son's place was his object. With an artist's skill did he study the weakness of his uncle's character, and made himself at length necessary to the old man's existence. He insinuated that in his veins flowed his uncle's blood, and that the near relationship that was between them might yet be drawn closer. Once Colonel Digby seized on this idea it became the darling object of his life, that Charles should marry his daughter, and be his heir. Caroline was only fifteen when these arrangements were entered into. The question of *her* consent had not, indeed, been thought of by either party. Her father never for a moment thought that his daughter could hesitate to accept any suitor he chose for her, and Charles had enough of self-esteem to think that there could be no difficulty in obtaining her hand.

Charles requested his uncle not to mention their plans to his daughter, as he wished to win her love. But Charles St. Laurence was not one who could in any way influence Caroline. Wearisome lectures on the duty of controlling her feelings—feelings she was conscious he never could understand—only exasperated her untamed nature; her proud spirit rebelled against his usurped authority, and she lost no opportunity of escaping from his presence. As she grew older and felt that his interest in her was actuated by a tenderer feeling, her dislike gradually assumed the bitterest hatred she was capable of feeling.

Woodstock, the family residence of Colonel Digby, was situated in one of the southern counties of England. The house was built in Elizabethan style, but various additions had been made from time to time, without much regard either to taste or congruity. It was situated on rising ground at the foot of a range of hills; a deep and rapid river swept round the southern extremity of the demesne on its progress to the sea, into which it

emptied itself about two miles distant. At one side of the river were high and sloping banks, thickly planted, intersected by a winding walk that led to a waterfall at some distance. This walk was a favorite one of Caroline's, and to it, as a retreat, she often fled from the persecutions of her cousin.

About five years before the conversation related in the beginning of this story, Charles St. Laurence had received an order to join his regiment on foreign service. It was an evening in the latter end of October, that he was expected on a hurried leave-taking. Caroline dreaded this visit; but the prospect of his final departure the following day decided her in bearing with him. At the hour when he was expected she strolled out unobserved to the walk already described, stopping now and again to look at the rapid current of the river which was much swollen from heavy rains. She had not proceeded far, when, by a turn in the path, she started suddenly, facing her cousin. He at once joined her, saying—"Believe me, Caroline, that this unexpected order has greatly annoyed me. I had no idea of leaving the country. This move has disarranged all my plans; but though I must go as far as Malta, I shall endeavor to exchange into another regiment, and to avoid going to India."

"I think that would be a very unwise arrangement. You have often complained of the want of a larger income, and an exchange under your circumstances would imply a heavy loss."

"Oh," said he, "circumstances have altered now, and that consideration does not weigh with me."

"Indeed," said Caroline; "has your father"—

"Not *mine*, but yours."

She stood still, and turned round to him.

"What *do* you mean? I cannot comprehend."

"I know you do not, Caroline; and to explain all to you is the object of my present visit."

In an agony of apprehension, but without one outward sign of it, she walked on while her cousin continued:

"Your father wishes me to superintend his property. He finds age creeping on, and feels disinclined to attend to the various duties that such a large estate requires." Then advancing

closer, and seizing her hand, he said: "And you, dear, will give me the right to fulfil my duties in a nearer relationship."

Suddenly drawing away her hand, she said: "You know how distasteful this subject is to me. If you wish that we should part friends, do forever drop this hateful theme."

"That, Caroline, I can never do. We have been together so many years, I have lived and grown under the conviction that you are to be my wife."

"Charles, be just. From the hour that I was capable of understanding your attentions, by every means in my power I showed my disapproval."

"You are hardly more than a child," he replied, "and cannot know your own mind. I only ask you to receive me as your future husband, and time, I have no doubt, will produce tenderer feelings."

"Charles, do be generous; I have tried. I wish that we may part as friends, as cousins; more I never, oh, never *can* be! Cease this,—it is persecution,—for your sister's sake. My father's!"

"Your father's! For your father's sake, hear me. I have reason to believe that it is his wish that we should be married. You know his sentiments on the way in which a daughter should receive a father's commands on such a subject. He also wishes his property to be represented by a blood relation, lest it pass into the family of a stranger."

Caroline was for a moment struck dumb with astonishment to find her father in the league against her. She knew but too well that her cousin spoke the truth about his opinions with regard to a daughter's duty. She had now a clue to hints that he had for some time been throwing out. Making a violent effort to recover her self-possession, she answered, with heightened color,—“And is it possible, sir, that you expect to gain a woman's affection by telling her you value her chiefly for her money? This outrage has confirmed the aversion I have always felt for you.”

Charles perceived his rashness, but his temper was so exasperated by the bitterness of her reply, that, losing all command over himself, he whispered, “I want both, and shall have both.”

“Unmanly persecutor,” she replied, feeling how impotent she was, alone, her father, all against her—how sure he seemed of accom-

plishing his purpose. Trying to intimidate him, and gaining courage by her boldness, she continued, fiercely, “don't defy me; you are not the first that has been made to tremble at a woman's vengeance.”

“I do defy you,” he whispered, enraged beyond endurance.

“Let me pass,” she cried, as he attempted to detain her; and bursting from him, she hurried to the house. As she passed the shrubbery, skirting on the walk, she thought she perceived the figure of a man hastily retiring amongst the trees. For the moment she felt an unpleasant sensation, lest her conversation might have been overheard, but her state of excitement prevented her from dwelling on the subject, and hurrying into the building, she was annoyed at finding her maid in the hall. As she wished to escape to her room unobserved, the servant addressed some observation to her; but not heeding it, she dismissed her, and desired that she might not be interrupted that night. Taking refuge in her own room, she did not make her appearance during the evening.

#### CHAPTER II.—A MYSTERY.

AFTER a restless night, passed in broken slumbers, Caroline awoke with a horrible sensation that she should have to meet her cousin again. There was an unusual stir in the house, but thinking it was caused by preparations for his departure, she lingered in her room; but it had so long passed the usual breakfast hour, she began to think something extraordinary must have occurred; and yet, what in so quiet a household could have happened? While thus debating with herself, she was attracted by voices under her window; raising it, she was surprised to see several people belonging to the house talking together in scattered knots; she hastened down. As she entered the breakfast-room, her cousin Julia sprang towards her, and throwing her arms round her, she cried—

“O Caroline! Charles, poor, dear Charles!”

“What! what of him?” she answered.

“He has not been heard of since last evening; he was to have met the steward in the village, to arrange some business about one of the tenants, and left this, early, to keep the appointment; we expected him back to sleep here; but as it was getting late, and he did not return, we concluded he would not come till this morning. About six o'clock

this morning, Thompson came up, looking for Charles, as he had not met him last night, as settled upon."

Caroline's first sensation, on hearing this, was one of intense relief; but concealing her feelings, she asked,—

"Where did he go? Who saw him last?"

"We have not been able to find out; it seems he has not been seen by anybody."

Caroline suggested the dragging of the river.

"The river!" said Julia, horrified; "oh, no! he could not have gone there. Did you see him? Why do you think he went in that direction?"

She answered with embarrassment,—

"I thought—perhaps—the new plantation—he might have gone to see that, and the bank is steep, and in this weather the ground slippery. An accident might have happened."

Just as she spoke, Colonel Digby entered, looking very depressed. Both girls at once cried,—

"Any news?"

"None, none," said he; "every spot has been searched, and no trace found."

Julia said, hesitatingly, "Caroline was thinking, perhaps, near the river."

He shook his head. "The river has been searched, as well as the heavy floods would allow; his footsteps have been traced on the bank, but almost confined to one spot."

"Were there any other footsteps?" said Caroline, hastily.

He looked up surprised. "Others? No. It was difficult to discover his; the rain had almost obliterated them. I have sent to London, in case his friends there might have heard something of him, but alas!" He threw himself into a chair. Covering his face with his hands, he groaned with deep emotion, "My poor boy, I fear I have lost him; I feel he is gone, gone, forever."

Julia was in an agony of grief; but in her quiet, undemonstrative way, hardly gave any outward token, except in the nervous clasping of her hands, and the twitchings round her mouth.

And Caroline, how did she feel in this great family affliction? The only sensation in her heart was one of freedom! Liberty was very sweet. She need not now fear; she was safe; but hating herself for not being able to sympathize in the deep sorrow around, she quitted the room.

When alone, the scene of the previous evening presented itself to her mind vividly. Gradually the thought of self gave place to better sentiments. She was horrified to think of the terms in which she had parted from her cousin, perhaps forever; her feelings at that hour had been so overwrought, that she would have accepted freedom from his persecutions, even at the sacrifice of his life; and now that her prayers for liberty had been answered in a way she did not expect, what would she not give to recall the past? These feelings, combined with the reluctance she had in mentioning her refusal of her cousin's offer of marriage, prevented her from alluding to the interview of the preceding evening.

As the conviction of Charles St. Laurence's death became more definite, Caroline was haunted with inexpressible terror at the recollection of the figure she had seen creeping along the shrubbery, which had made so little impression on her at the time; but now, as her mind dwelt on every minute particular connected with that fatal night, she could not hide from herself that the man wished to escape observation; perhaps he was there for some dreadful purpose; he might have had some ill-will against her poor cousin, and was watching his opportunity of finding him alone.

She felt this: she ought to communicate to her father. But it was impossible; she did not do it at first, and now it is too late. Besides, she argued, the darkness prevented her from seeing the man's face. Mentioning the circumstance would only raise suspicions that could never be realized. She determined to examine the spot herself, in hopes there might be some clue that would lead to the unravelling of the mystery.

Quitting the drawing-room at an early hour that evening, on the plea of fatigue after the terrible excitement of the day, she hurried to her room, dismissed her maid, and waited impatiently for the hour when, as she knew, there would be least chance of her meeting any one on her way through the house. When the clock struck ten she descended softly to the hall. The main door was fastened, but there was a small glass one at the opposite side of the hall, which led into the garden, and this was open; the garden, however, was walled, but there was a private wicket leading from it into the open grounds, and the key of this being, with a number of others, in the hall, se-

curing it, Caroline closed the glass door as she left the house; crossing the garden she passed the gate, and before she knew what she had done found herself beyond the limits of the house. For a moment she paused; the night was dark, with heavy rolling clouds; a chill wind blew upwards from the river, to which the path she was on led. Should she go on? A fierce impulse of curiosity and terror drove her forward. She hastened, almost ran along till she reached the shrubbery. It was a few paces from the place where she had last seen her cousin; just at the spot where the mysterious figure had entered.

The moon was shining with an uncertain radiance, so that the walk behind her was clearly illuminated, while all before her was lost in obscurity; but she did not give herself time to think; she dared not; she felt like one urged on by some power over which she had no control, till she glided to the fatal spot of her cousin's departure, when she asked herself what had brought her there: What did she expect to find? What might she not meet? She looked around fearfully; her imagination recalled her cousin's features and attitude so vividly that she was terrified lest she should see him returning in some unearthly form. She heard a slight noise, as if caused by a movement amongst the branches, and held her breath with terror. Slightly turning her head she saw a dark shadow thrown on the ground at some distance behind her, creeping stealthily along; but she had no power to move; she found herself rooted to the spot, and clinging to the tree her cousin had leant against the night before, the horror of seeing *him* was even exceeded by the unutterable dread of encountering the murderer, whom she was conscious was lurking near. Her sense of hearing was painfully acute; she listened intently; the sound she heard before was repeated; and now she distinctly heard a footstep. With more of the instinct of self-preservation than of thought, she darted forward, and with the utmost speed flew towards the house; still the footstep followed; she was pursued. With a bursting heart, and maddened with terror, she rushed through the garden-gate. As it clapped behind her, she knew she was safe, and then fell insensible on the ground.

When she recovered consciousness, she found herself still in the same position. Col-

lecting her remaining strength she crawled home and flung herself exhausted on her bed.

Braydon Hall, the residence of Sir Richard Baker, was only separated from Woodstock by the winding river we have before noticed, over which there was a wooden bridge connecting the two estates. Old Sir Richard, as he was called, had but lately taken up his residence at Braydon Hall. He was a man of eccentric habits; he had never married; and though it was generally supposed he intended that his nephew should be his heir, yet he never had invited the young man within his doors. Indeed, there was some doubt as to whether he had ever seen him; he held no communication with him, and seemed perfectly indifferent to his pursuits and pleasures. The only instance in which he had ever recognized his existence, was in expressing a wish, put more in the way of a command, that he would engage as his valet a person whom Sir Richard recommended.

Sir Richard's age, together with his strange habits, contributed to render him an unsocial neighbor. Beyond the usual courtesy of return visits there had been little intercourse between him and Colonel Digby's family.

About the time of Charles St. Laurence's mysterious disappearance, old Sir Richard died; and by his will it was discovered that his nephew was left sole heir of his large property; but the young man did not seem to be much elated by his new honors, as he had allowed nearly five years to elapse without having come to Braydon Hall. It was a few months before the opening of our narrative that Sir Alfred Douglass had taken up his abode at Braydon. He seemed inclined to lead the retired life of his uncle, as he had declined all advances from the surrounding gentry, and had continued in perfect seclusion.

Some days after Caroline's indignant remark, with regard to her "mysterious neighbor," as she called Sir Alfred Douglass, the young ladies were engaged to accompany a party to the races, to take place some miles distant from Woodstock. Colonel Digby had a horse to run, and Caroline was interested in the success of her favorite. The day was bright and cloudless as the party set out, some in carriages, others on horseback. Among the latter were Caroline and her cousin. The road to the town where the races were



held was flat, lying parallel to the sea; but at some distance inland, and by curves, now and again skirting close to the shore. Along the road there was a good deal of traffic, and on this particular occasion it was crowded with vehicles, all wending their way in the direction of the enticing goal. The town resembled more a straggling village, situated on high cliffs, overlooking the sea. There was a winding path that skirted them on one side, guarded by a low wall, between which and the precipice there was about a few feet of grass plat; at the other side, a flat plain extended to the racing ground. This path commanded a beautiful view of sea and valley, as well as an extended sea prospect.

The racing ground presented a very gay appearance: the fiery, spirited horses pawing the ground, eager to start; the riders, with their bright coats shining in the sun; the carriages closing in the scene, glittering with youth and beauty. As the party from Woodstock arrived the attention of all was directed to "Sunshine," Colonel Digby's horse, which was just starting. Caroline's excitement knew no bounds, as she bent forward, fearing her horse should lose, and now hearing with uncontrolled delight from those around her that he had won. Her spirits quite carried her away, and the horse she was riding seemed to partake of his mistress' excitement, as he became very restive. Sir Alfred Douglass, who had been near, though unperceived by her, now leant forward and said that she had better be careful of such a spirited animal, and offered to lead her out of the crowd, if she would allow him. Politely declining his offer she answered, "she had almost been reared on horseback, and was not at all afraid:" and now she rather prided herself in managing the irritated animal; but he was fast getting beyond her control. Turning him, to get clear of the crowd, something started him; he reared; but she kept her seat, when giving a sudden dart, he made straight across the plain to the winding path, between which and the high cliffs the low wall was the only protection. Some gentlemen made a vain attempt to check him; he had cleared the wall, and was but a few steps from the precipitous cliffs, when one man darted from the crowd, and with a heavy stone struck the animal a well-directed blow on the forehead. There was a breathless silence for one moment, as all expected man,

horse, and rider to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. It was the work of an instant, as the horse, stunned with the blow, stood and shivered, to snatch Caroline from his back, when the poor animal fell over. The burst of applause from the crowd showed how this gallant deed was appreciated. Caroline was carried to the nearest house. Except the great shock, she had met with no injury; and when she turned to thank her preserver, what was her astonishment to discover that it was Sir Alfred Douglass who had so bravely endangered his life to save hers.

This accident was the commencement of an acquaintance between Sir Alfred and the family at Woodstock. Colonel Digby was profuse in his gratitude; his reiterated invitations impossible to resist; and, though with apparent reluctance, Sir Alfred Douglass became a constant visitor. Caroline, in spite of her determination to dislike, felt greatly interested in him. His manly courage, contrasted with those around her on the occasion of his rescuing her, made a deep impression; but she was piqued and irritated with him; his visits were short and hurried; he seemed unaccountably embarrassed and awkward, which was quite incompatible in a man of his high-bred manners and noble bearing; it was as if he called against his will; and yet his visits increased. There was a strange contradiction about him, which excited Caroline's imagination, and contributed to create a sort of fascination which she found it difficult to resist.

She hardly knew herself: she who had always been so proud, to find herself drawn towards, almost humbled now, to a man who evidently cared not for her. At last she thought she had gained a clue that might, perhaps, account for his reserved manner. It was Julia he fancied; and he must naturally consider her as an intruder. This thought made her cheek burn with indignation. Why did it never occur to her before? Had she, by word or look, betrayed her feelings towards him? She resolved, when next he came, to let him see that she was as indifferent to him as he was to her. As she came to this determination a half-suppressed sigh, and a tear quickly brushed away, showed that her words belied her heart.

Caroline had not long to wait, for the next day presented an opportunity which tested the strength of her resolution. As she and her cousin were sitting together, Sir A. walked

in. After some commonplace remarks, Caroline rose, and pleading an engagement, hastened to leave the room. Julia, who looked surprised at this sudden move, inquired "where she was going." She answered hastily, "that she had promised to see a poor person who was sick in the village." "You had better go through the park, then, as you will be too late on the road alone," Julia said.

Inclining her head to both parties Caroline left the room. She took her hat, which hung in the hall, fretted and vexed with herself for thus voluntarily foregoing the society which was now becoming so interesting to her, perhaps for a mere fancy. She languidly walked across the lawn; but she had not gone far when she heard a step behind her, which made her heart bound. As Sir Alfred overtook her, he asked in a cheerful tone would she object to his accompanying her. The look, manner, voice, all so changed from a few moments before, that she gazed up at him to convince herself of his identity. "When I heard you were going to take this long walk alone," said he, "I hastened to join, as I must take care of the life that I flatter myself I saved; perhaps, another danger might cross your path." The allusion, and the glance which accompanied it, made her blush deeply; and with downcast eyes she allowed him to draw her hand within his arm.

This walk was the first of many others. Every day, Caroline and Sir Alfred, in a most unaccountable manner, met accidentally in some part of the demesne; and these meetings led to rambles of hours' continuance, hours the most delightful Caroline had ever spent.

In all their walks Caroline had carefully avoided the shrubbery: it recalled too painful recollections; and now she could not bear a cloud to pass over the sunshine of her happiness; but one day, unexpectedly, as they came to the path leading to the river, Sir A. suggested their turning down it. "Let us rest here," he said; and drawing her down beside him, his face brightened with joy, he poured out his protestations of love. Sir Alfred was the first to perceive the sun sinking in the distant horizon. "You will be late home," he said; "we must part; to-morrow let us come to this walk; it is the prettiest in the place. How is it we have never been here before?"

"It was once my favorite haunt," said Caro-

line; "but of late I have shunned it. It is connected with the most sorrowful period of my life."

"Sorrowful! have you had sorrow, and never told me?" he answered, looking down upon her with deep affection.

"Oh, no," she said, hesitatingly; "but it was here, that five years ago, I parted from my cousin; he never was heard of after."

She looked up at him; he was ghastly pale, and seemed unable to speak; he was leaning against a tree; she was terrified. "Dear Sir Alfred, are you ill?" she said. Almost gasping for breath, and seizing her wrist with the pressure of a vice, he said, "Your cousin, Caroline; did you love that cousin?"

"Love him!" said she, blushing deeply; "no; I wish I could say I even liked him." The answer seemed an immense relief; little more passed between them.

#### CHAPTER III.—MATRIMONY.

WE must now pass over an interval of some months, and introduce Caroline as the wife of Sir Alfred Douglass. She was not in the least disappointed in the estimate she had formed of his character—he was generous and noble, high-minded, and an enemy to all meanness. His fault was want of *moral* courage in facing danger. This was a strange deficiency in one who possessed such physical courage as he did; but even this fault Caroline did not see. He repaid the love she bestowed on him, ardently, passionately; perhaps, he even loved her more entirely than she could love him. Her family, her father were dear to her; but he stood alone; his world, all was centred in her. He had lived retired; his nature was not one that sought companionship; he had avoided all intimacies. Since his arrival at Braydon he had led the life of a recluse. When he had first seen Caroline Digby she seemed to shine upon him like a vision; her face and form haunted him; he felt he ought to shun her, but was irresistibly drawn towards her; and when he had saved her life, then it was that fate seemed to decree that to him belonged the life he delivered. They lived in and for each other. She was full of life and joyous as a bird. It seemed as if she had laid aside the pride and dignity of demeanor that was so remarkable before her marriage. She clung to and caressed her husband more lovingly and confidently than one of a softer disposition would; but if by

chance, or by word or look, the least disrespect towards him appeared, then the fire darted from her eye, the erect figure and brightened color soon discovered the Caroline Digby of former days.

It was this quickness, this jealousy, for fear her husband should not be entirely understood, that first led Caroline to detect a certain disrespect of manner in one of her domestics. James Forest was the son of the lodge-keeper at Braydon. Sir Richard Baker had, as it were, adopted this family for many years, long before he came to reside at Braydon Hall. Forest, the father, had cared for the house, and attended to the property, in which he had proved himself most trustworthy and efficient; so when Sir Richard came to reside at Braydon, Forest, who was getting too old for much labor, was provided with the lodge and a settled pension. His son James, Sir Richard placed as valet with his heir, Sir Alfred Douglass, in whose service he had now been many years. It was not for the familiarity that a servant, many years in a family, might acquire, that Caroline objected to in James Forest; this was not in her nature; but an undefined influence, a degree of superiority he assumed, which could not be explained. She could not lay a finger upon any one act or word; he was respectful, outwardly, rather obsequiously so, but she felt he had a power over her husband which she could not bear; but if ever she expressed a wish to have him dismissed, Sir Alfred carelessly remarked that he was a valuable servant; and she knew, though her husband never said it, that James was fixed there—and James *was* a valuable servant. He could make himself useful in many ways; there was nothing he could not do; he knew exactly what was required in the land-steward of such a property, and never allowed his master to be wronged; he could detect the least default in the work of a laborer, or in the price of an article that was charged above its value; he was honest in his own dealings, as well as watchful over the conduct of those under him—*honest*, that is in the strict acceptation of the word; he would not cheat his master of a shilling—this was quite beneath him, and would not at all suit his purpose; he was never detected in a falsehood, and seemed by instinct to know whenever there was an attempt to pass one on himself or his master. He had an extraordinary control over himself; no one had ever

seen him lose his temper, or heard him use an angry word; yet whosoever had once offended him, was sure to suffer either by losing their situation or in a worse way. No one could trace any complaint that *he* had brought against them; *his* hand could not be detected in their misfortune, but once they crossed his path their sun set. The poorer classes regarded him with a sort of superstitious awe, considering it unlucky to speak a word against, though he was not popular amongst his own class. The extraordinary reserve in his manner caused a restraint they could not understand; his personal appearance was, at first sight, in his favor: his figure was manly and well proportioned, above the middle height; his features regular; he was bald, and this added to the height of his forehead, which was unusually high, but his face was perfectly expressionless, the same bland, unmeaning smile; whether he addressed his superiors or dependents, the control he exercised over his actions seemed to have extended to his very countenance; he never was surprised out of this impressibility, but he could please when it suited his purpose. There was one in Sir Alfred's household who looked favorably on him, and this was Caroline's maid, who had been living with her for years; it was a source of great annoyance to Caroline, but she knew nothing unfavorable of James Forest, and she felt that it would be unjust to prejudice her maid against him. Her own feelings she could not control; she never liked him, and highly disapproved of the influence he had gained over her husband.

Caroline's life was bright and happy; but at times light clouds flitted across the sunshine, which, though they passed away quickly, made her sometimes pause and think. Her husband, she felt, had moments of uneasiness, of which she could not fathom the cause. The sudden changes of mood and countenance, though ever gentle to her, yet at times he even shunned her companionship, and would dart, as if driven by some irresistible impulse, from her. She would watch him with beating heart as he paced the walks through the woods, but feared to intrude on him. She longed, burned to ask him to let her share his sorrow, and comfort him; but she feared that he would then feel her presence as a restraint. Once she ventured, and followed him.

"Alfred, why leave me?" she said; "let me be where you are."

"Dearest," and throwing his arm round her, passionately, he said, "I am cursed; why have you linked your bright existence to mine, to blight your sweet existence by the poison of mine?"

"Oh, hush! dear Alfred. What are you saying?"

"Nothing, darling, nothing; I am sometimes gloomy;" and then with an effort he roused himself, and tried to be interested in her pursuits.

Her fears were realized; she saw that if she remarked his gloom that she would only restrain him in her presence, and so resolved never again to allude to the distressing subject.

And so time rolled on, as it does with us all: Caroline happy and contented, he happy with her, loving her deeply, but at times this dark shadow crossing him.

#### CHAPTER IV.—A SUSPICION.

ONE evening, it was getting late, and Caroline rose to retire for the night. As she was leaving the room, her husband rung the bell and ordered James to be sent to him to arrange some accounts.

Some time after Caroline left the room, she remembered that there was a note she had particularly wished to answer, and had forgotten it, in her husband's study. She desired her maid to fetch it; but not recollecting exactly where she had put it, she called her back and said she would go herself to look for it. She took a candle, and ran down stairs. As she walked up a long corridor that led to the study, she heard loud voices raised in anger. Not being sure from what direction they proceeded, she stood to listen, when she discovered it was from the library. She waited for a moment without moving, and heard distinctly repeated the name of her cousin, "Charles St. Laurence;" but she could not recognize the voice of the speaker. Still standing, she hesitated should she go on. Advancing a few steps, then, she changed her purpose, and returned hastily to her own room, in a state of great excitement. She repeated to herself, "Charles St. Laurence," a thousand and a thousand times. She only heard the name once, and she could hear nothing more of what was said; but she was convinced she had not been deceived; it was

no freak of imagination; she had ceased to think of him altogether; there was no one further from her thoughts at that moment than he was; there was no doubt the name *was* said, and that clearly, distinctly; but then, again, she argued, who had known Charles St. Laurence in that house? None, but herself and her maid. Whose voice was it she heard? Could any stranger have come to her husband after she had left him? But this could not be; there lay the keys on the table; the doors had been locked an hour before. Alfred was in the library, and who was with him? Then it dawned on her recollection that she had met James going into the room as she left it; but what could James mean by speaking of her cousin? He *had* known him certainly, years ago, before he went abroad with Sir Alfred; but would he mention him, even if he did speak of him, so disrespectfully as "Charles St. Laurence?" Then, again, whoever spoke was in furious anger; James never was known to raise his voice; the more she thought, the more bewildered she became. "There is some ill-luck follows me, connected with him," she said, distractedly. Then in vain she tried to calm herself and think of other things, but involuntarily her thoughts recurred to her cousin, and what she had just heard. She could arrive at no satisfactory solution. What forced itself on her mind, with vivid conviction, was that her cousin was *living*. Where or in what manner she could not conjecture, but alive he was, she felt sure.

At first this gave her joy, but the reflection, "there must be something very strange about it," she thought. Why should he remain concealed, or, perhaps, worse—be deprived of his liberty? Guilt there seemed connected with his absence, be it in *himself* or *others*. The labyrinth was becoming more involved. Her arguments only seemed to draw her husband into some indefinite crime. "Oh! it was better, far happier, that Charles had been, as we thought, drowned." Stopping herself—"What am I saying?—how dreadful!" She walked up and down the room in nervous excitement till she heard her husband's step; then, snatching a book from the table, she seemed intently absorbed by the perusal, determining that he should not see a trace of the uneasiness she tried to conceal. He expressed surprise at seeing her up so late; and then drawing a chair to the fire sat close



beside her, and in great spirits entered into a detail of some alterations which he was about to make. She looked at him in surprise; there was not a trace about him that would lead her to think he had been engaged in any thing extraordinary or unpleasant. She longed to turn the conversation on James, but hardly knew how to accomplish it. Her dread that this man was in some way connected with what she had heard prevented her from recurring to him, and yet she longed to know all. Her husband suddenly turned to her, and said—

"Caroline, did not your father mention a steward he could highly recommend?"

"Yes," she said, "a man of very good character. I wish we could get a situation for him. Do you know of any one that he would suit?"

"I want him for ourselves," he replied.

"Ourselves!" said Caroline, in astonishment; "where is James going?"

"I think he is going to Australia. He has a great deal of money saved, and is ambitious. There he would soon become a rich man."

"Then, I suppose," said Caroline, "my poor little Flora goes with him. I regret very much to lose her; but there is no doubt she is very partial to James."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Sir Alfred, placidly. "Do not let her, if you can help it. James Forest is not at all the man calculated for that nice, gentle, young woman."

This was the first time Caroline had ever heard him speak disparagingly of James.

#### CHAPTER V.—A DISCOVERY.

THINGS went on in their usual course. Caroline heard no more of James' emigration, and she never broached the subject to her husband; but a change came over her from the night she had heard her cousin's name so mysteriously mentioned. She lost her spirits, and became silent and abstracted; forever she was repeating those two words, and in vain divining a cause for their utterance. She once thought of making Flora discover from James what he knew about her cousin, but this again she scorned to do; her husband must know something about the subject, and he had never even given her the least hint of it. He did not wish her to know, if there was any thing to be known; and she would trust him—she could entirely depend on him, but her health gave way.

She got thin and pale; but now her mind was turned into another channel, which at the time roused her, and directed her thoughts from that which only tended to make her miserable. Her husband was taken ill, attacked by a fever that had been for some time prevalent in the neighborhood. All her attention and care was to nurse and watch him. She never resigned her place by his side, or allowed any one to relieve her in her charge. Often, in the delirium of fever, he fancied himself in some distant land, totally unconscious of all around him, and not at all recognizing his wife; then again he would think his father was by his bed; and now he would call, "Charles St. Laurence." Caroline started and sprang towards him, but the incoherency with which he spoke prevented her from understanding aught but the name. She would walk up and down the room, with her hands clasped in terror and dismay, while her husband would continue one moment calling on "Charles" in a loud voice, and then sinking into a low, melancholy murmur.

She determined, let the consequences be what they might, when Sir Alfred recovered, that she would tell him all she had heard. There was more distrust in keeping her breast locked up from him, as she had of late, than in explaining all, and leaving the solving of the difficulty to himself. This determination strengthened her: she was enabled to attend him with more composure of mind than she could have done after he had thus involuntarily alluded to the subject that had for so long made her unhappy.

After some weeks Sir Alfred gradually improved, and with returning health his spirits revived. Caroline had never known him to be so continuously cheerful—the sudden starts and moody looks all disappeared. At first she did not think he was strong enough for her to venture on a subject that she could not divest herself from the idea but that it had been connected with his former depression. And then, as time advanced, and he seemed to have forgotten the past, she felt reluctant to introduce a topic which might revive old recollections, with all the "unhappy effects attendant on them, combined with an indescribable horror that she had of finding the clue to the mystery which prevented any further allusion either to James or her cousin as in any way connected with him.

An invitation to join a shooting-party in the

north of Scotland, which Sir Alfred received, determined him on leaving home for a time, as his medical adviser wished that he should strengthen himself by change of air. He was very reluctant to go alone, as Caroline thought it advisable to remain at home. Her father's health had been failing of late, and she feared at his time, of any sudden change taking place in her absence. By persuasion and entreaty she induced him to accept the invitation, and Caroline, for the first time since her marriage, was separated from her husband. For the first few days she gave way to great depression, a shadow seemed to be hanging over her—a dread of some unknown approaching danger.

Amongst the changes Sir Alfred wished to make in the house, one was to open a door in the library, that would connect it with Caroline's room, and so prevent the circuitous round that was now necessary to go from one room to the other.

These improvements Caroline now decided that she would have completed before his return, and so give her husband a happy surprise. The door in the library she intended to have first begun, as she knew it was what he was most anxious about. She ordered the workmen to be ready to commence operations on the ensuing morning, and the day before prepared the room for them. Knowing her husband's peculiarity of disliking his books and papers to be disturbed, she arranged them all herself; she felt lighter and happier than she had done for many a day, as she went into the library to make these necessary arrangements. She had collected his books and papers, and had them carried into her own room; and now the only thing to be removed was an old-fashioned bureau, that was placed exactly where the door was to be opened; so dismissing the servant who had assisted her, she put his letters in this desk previous to moving it. While so doing, in raising the lid to pack the papers closer together, to enable her to lock it, she pressed a spring; a drawer flew out at the side, which surprised her, as there had been no appearance of one from the outside. She went round to close it; but from the small portion of it that was open, she saw it covered with dust, and a cobweb formed across it. "Here was a private drawer, in this old piece of furniture, that had been in the family for years, and no one had known of its existence," she

thought. "How astonished Alfred would be to discover it." And so thinking, she drew it out further, when she saw far, far back, a small dirk, and a little cloth, discolored and stained. She took them out, and went over to the window, and examined them. The blade was spotted and rusty: she turned it round and round; the handle was a curious one, with figures raised on it, but so discolored she could hardly discern them. There was a small plate on the hilt, close to the joining, where the blade was inserted, and here she looked for some mark to discover its owner; but the plate was almost black, and she could see nothing. Looking round to find something to rub the plate with, she saw a glove lined with chamois lying on the table. "This is just what I want," she said; and turning out the inside of the glove, she breathed on the plate and rubbed it hard. By degrees she saw the form of letters appearing; she traced them—C.S.L., "C.S.L.," she repeated two or three times; "whose can it have been? There never was one of Alfred's family who had those initials. I wonder for how many generations it has been lying here;" and then taking the little cloth she held it up to the light. "Why, this is a pocket handkerchief," she cried. Turning to the corners she saw on one letters. "This must, of course, belong to the owner of the dirk; and perhaps the letters are plainer." Drawing nearer to the window, as the daylight was fast closing, she saw in raised letters C.S.L. "The same letters, I declare; it must be some Charles," she said aloud. The sound of the name seemed to recall some latent thought, for she seized the handkerchief and riveting her eyes on the letters, then with a low cry "ST.," she said. "Yes, the ST. are together; it is one word—St. Laurence." She sunk down on the nearest chair, speechless, crushed; the dirk fell from her hand; she heard an echo as it resounded on the floor; she could feel nothing; a void; she looked round the room; all seemed strange: she was too much stunned for even the sensations belonging to grief; it was as if a weight had fallen on her, and deprived her of strength. Mechanically she rose, left the room, fastening the door; she took the key with her. She was like one walking in sleep; her eyes staring, without being conscious of seeing any thing. She never rested or sat down for a moment; up and down stairs, from one room

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into another, never thinking her mind was vacant. If a servant addressed her, it seemed an effort to comprehend what he said. But when night came, and all was dark, she had to confine herself to one room. By degrees she felt consciousness returning; she gave way to a natural burst of grief, and sobbed aloud. This relieved her; she was enabled to think. "How cruel, cruel, just as I thought all was right." Her arms crossed on the table before her, and her head raised, she was the picture of despair. "He must be dead," she moaned, "and how—dead?" She shuddered all over. "It was James; it *must* be," she groaned, as if her heart would break; but though she mentioned James' name it was too plain a deeper thought lay hid, which she dared not even breathe to herself; then she started up, and wringing her hands in black despair, wildly walked up and down. In so doing she came opposite her husband's picture. She darted from it, and covering her face with her hands, she cried, "I shall never look at it again; I must leave him, and never, never see him more." She felt so utterly alone; all her world had been centred in her husband; he had been her ideal of honor, truth, and uprightness; how she had trusted in him—looked up to him in every thing! And now what had he done? The idol was shattered, and her happiness lay withered beside it. The dream was over; there was a gulf between them. This thought was more bitter than all. She groaned in utter misery; her head sunk on her arm; and in this state, thoroughly exhausted, she dropped asleep. The present was forgotten; she dreamt of days gone by; of the happy days she and Alfred walked by the river's side; his love and tenderness for her; those words to which she had listened, and to which her heart responded with burning emotion—all was impressed with vivid reality.

It has been remarked that dreams which represent scenes in the imagination or fancy are easily dispelled when one awakes; not so with those that revive feelings or sensations—they retain their influence with a tenacity that it is difficult to shake off. And so it was with Caroline. As she awoke from her slumber, she closed her eyes to recall the sweet sensations she had experienced, and stretched out her hand to feel was her husband near. The movement recalled her, she opened her eyes and looked round frightened, when she re-

membered all; but she had undergone a change—she clung now as much to the thought of her husband, as before she had turned from him. What was the world to her without him? Was he not *her husband, her own*? He loved her as ever—there were his letters, the eager, longing, burning desire to be with her again. "We are all to each other," she said. "If he has done wrong, concealed another's crime—or—done worse—I will share the consequences with him—I will weary Heaven with prayers for him, and *I will guard him with my life.*" Grasping this thought: "yes, this will be an object to live for; weak and woman as I am, I will—I must save him." So saying, she lighted her taper, and opening the door, she listened if all was hushed; then she crept down stairs, and noiselessly opened the library door. All was as she had left it. Not hesitating a moment, she steadily closed the drawer of the bureau, locked the desk, snatched up the dirk and handkerchief, and left the room; these she concealed and waited till morning. What a new existence did she rise to. Every thing seemed altered, even her very appearance; there was nothing to remind her of the past, except her love to her husband. This increased. She longed so ardently for his return, and yet she would not ask him back; she feared his remarking the alteration in her. "He must not see me changed," she thought; "he must never suspect that *I know*!"—Sir Alfred did return. He clasped her in his arms; she could not restrain herself; her feelings overpowered her, and in a flood of tears her head sunk on his shoulder. Sir Alfred was alarmed; he held her from him, and parting the hair on her forehead, he looked at her.

"My poor child. Caroline, dearest, how altered you are! You must be ill—suffering when I was away, and not let me know—I must never leave you again."

"Promise me that," she cried, eagerly; "wherever you go take me; let me be always with you. Alfred, dear Alfred! promise me that."

She never could bear him out of her sight; even if he went out to ride alone, she was in an agony of apprehension till his return. The nervous excitement, and the effort she made to conceal her grief, and exert herself before her husband, caused a violent reaction in her when she had not the restraining influence of his presence. She, who had been al-

ways active and the light of the house, now became perfectly listless, resigned all domestic arrangements to Flora, and became quite passive in her hands, even as regarded her personal adornments. This great change in her mistress was observed by Flora, but she assigned another reason, little dreaming of the shadow that hung over her.

CHAPTER VI.—A LOVER'S QUARREL, WITH  
OTHER MATTERS.

ONE day as Flora was going up-stairs, she met James just as he was leaving his master's study; he did not at first perceive her; he seemed to be greatly annoyed, and was muttering something inaudible. He started as he came close to her, and asked her would she turn into the housekeeper's room, as he wanted to say a word to her. At first, she was reluctant, for of late she had, according to her mistress' advice, rather avoided him, but, on his pressing her in an excited manner so unusual to him, she complied. As they entered the room, he clapped the door angrily, saying under his breath, "I can stand this no longer, and will leave him and his affairs forever; that cursed woman is the cause of all this change."

Flora, astonished, said, "James, has any thing happened to annoy you? I never saw you put out before."

"Annoy me!" he answered, "There is nothing but annoyances from morning till night; a man cannot do his business without interference. I *will not* stand it; I have made up my mind to leave this immediately. What I wished to ask you, how soon could you be ready for us to start for Australia?"

"O James!" she said, blushing, "I don't think that could be."

"What!" he cried, "you did not object when I mentioned it some months ago; what has made you change your mind now?"

Poor Flora looked very timidly down, twisted the end of her apron in her fingers; she seemed afraid of hurting James' feelings, or that he should think she had treated him badly. In a hesitating manner she said, "When you spoke of Australia before, you said nothing positive; and, besides, things are changed. I could not—would not leave my lady, ill as she is now."

James darted across the room, and seizing her arm as in a vice: "Tell me, girl," he shouted, "has *she*, your mistress, been tam-

pering with your feelings towards me? You are not the same as you were two months ago."

She looked up at him, frightened terribly at his manner, so extraordinary in him. He seemed to perceive this, for he immediately changed, let go his hold of her arm, and said, quietly, "You know, Flora, she has crossed me in every thing, turned my master against me, and now *you*."

She saw him tremble as he said this; but he turned his back towards her and went to the fireplace, and covered his face with his hand. She felt greatly for him. That she loved him she could not deny; and it was only her mistress' constant entreaties lately that had induced her to alter her conduct towards him. She thought that, perhaps, it was James' manner that was the cause of Lord Douglass' dislike, and if she could only persuade him to court his mistress, all might yet go on well. She could not bear the idea of marrying him against her mistress' wish; but, in time, if James would only be led by her, Lady Douglass would then see him as he really was. With this idea in her mind she went over to him, and gently laying her hand on his shoulder,—

"James," she said, "you judge my lady too rashly. Why should you think she has turned Sir Alfred against you?"

"Because I know it," he answered, without moving. "He has never been the same since she crossed the door."

"It was only yesterday," she continued, "I heard her begging off Jones, though he stole the oats; but the moment he acknowledged it, she made Sir Alfred forgive him. There never was a gentler or kinder being than she is."

"Why," said he, turning towards her, "it is not long since I heard you, yourself, say that you never saw any one so altered as she is. Ay, and I remember you were crying, too, after one of your very gentle mistress' scoldings."

Flora stopped for a moment to remember.

"Oh, altered!" said she; "so she is, indeed. I don't think she was ever the same, exactly, since her cousin's death, or disappearance. I can never forget that evening; she was like one distracted."

"Her cousin's," he said, with interest.

"Why, what had *she* to do with him?"

"I don't know, I am sure," she said. "Per-



haps she liked him; but no, that she did not—much, at least. It is her naturally gentle disposition; and her kindness to his sister after, that was more than I can describe.”

Just then the bell rung, and she left, hastily, to answer her mistress' summons. After she had quitted the room, James stood in the same position, without moving a limb. A bystander might have observed a variety of expression passing over his countenance. He was wrapped in deep meditation, and occasionally a triumphant, fiendlike sneer passed over his hard-chiselled lips; then, clapping his clenched hand on the mantelpiece—"It will do," he said. "The first step is taken in the road that leads to —;" and, with a hoarse laugh, he left the room.

James determined to renew his conversation with Flora at the earliest opportunity. He must get a decided answer. Her refusal, and the reason she assigned for it, enraged him to the last degree. He loved her really; and, in the selfishness of his nature, had long looked forward to being won to better things by her gentle influence. James had to wait, for "the earliest opportunity" did not occur till nearly a week after his last interview. On the following Saturday evening, as he was crossing the passage, the door of the house-keeper's room was lying open, and he saw Flora arranging some linen that she was lifting from a basket into one of the presses in the room. He advanced and offered to assist her, saying, "I hope, Flora, you have thought over what I said to you the other day."

"I have," she answered; "but, James, it is out of the question. It would be more than ungrateful of me to leave my lady now; she depends on me for every thing."

"Again at that," he said; "Flora, you don't know how much hangs on your decision; beware, before you make up your mind. It is not you I blame. It will be the worst day she ever saw that decides you against me. No! don't try to deceive me; I know well enough. Don't you recollect the day I met you crying, coming out of her room; it was some of her cursed advice, as you call it—trying to set you against me."

"O James!" she cried; "indeed it was not at that I was crying. She never breathed your name to me then. I can tell you the whole circumstance. I was arranging my lady's things in her wardrobe, when I saw a paper parcel wrapped up, which felt heavy. I

thought it must have been some of the silver spoons that had been put in there in mistake, and I opened the paper to see—it was an old-fashioned little dagger and a"—

"A what?" cried James, interrupting her.

"Nothing but a small dagger," she said. "Not one she was going to kill herself or anybody else with. You need not look so astonished, for it was an old, rusty thing. But, as I was saying, she was angry at my opening the parcel that was tied up, and spoke more sharply to me than she had ever done before. That is the whole truth."

When she looked up she perceived that James had not been attending to the latter part of her sentence at all; but he looked black as midnight, and had his eyes fixed on the ground.

"Don't look so, James; you frighten me," she said.

"Flora," he said, excitedly, but with a great effort of assumed calmness; "once more—will you come with me immediately? There can be no delay. We can live very happily far away from this. Come. Refuse me, and"—He seemed to hang on the answer she would give. She was silent a moment; he bent down, not to lose a word of what she might say.

"No, James," she whispered; "I cannot—I dare not."

He never answered, but walked up and down the room; there seemed to be some terrible struggle within him. At last, as if his resolution was taken, he muttered, "I am driven to it. It is *her* own doing." He stood before Flora a moment, as she was stooped over the basket,—

"Flora, will you do one thing for me—don't mention my wish to go to Australia, or your—your refusal of me to any one?"

"James, how could you think I would?"

"And will you just let me see that dagger, only for one moment?" he continued, hesitatingly.

"What dagger?" she said, quite forgetting. "Is it that little, old thing I saw the other day?"

"Yes, yes, that very one," he answered, impatiently.

"What on earth do you want with it?"

"Nothing particular. There was a valuable one lost that belonged to Sir Alfred's uncle, some years ago; a poor fellow, too, was accused of taking it, and suffered for it.

"I only want to look at it; it can do no harm," he said.

"I don't like," she said, "taking any thing out of my"—

"Oh! I knew that. Well, Flora, beware; you are always putting your mistress between us;" and he turned to leave the room.

"O James!" she cried, "you make me miserable. I will do this for you; but I feel—I know—I am doing wrong."

So saying she left the room to get what he had asked for. As she left him, James walked to the window. His face was deadly pale; he

looked like one who was held back by some invisible hand on the threshold of a fearful danger. Another step and he was past hope.

"She has taken all from me," he said, bitterly; "and now the last—the only one that could have made me a better man—the one being in the world I cared for. It is too late—too late."

He heard Flora's step and went to meet her at the door.

"Quick, quick," she said; "I am called;" and, leaving the parcel in his hand, she ran back.

**COMPRESSED AIR AS A MEANS OF COMMUNICATING POWER.**—Messrs. Debain, Botton, and Zeller have recently applied to the Prefect of the Seine for permission to lay mains through the streets of Paris for the introduction and circulation of compressed air. "This enterprise," as they say in their application, "consists in the compression of air by means of large establishments, which we erect outside of the city, the compressed air to be led through the whole city by a system of pipes similar to that used for the distribution of gas, so furnishing a means of power and life wherever it may be needed. It is well known that it requires considerable time to set up the ordinary machines for obtaining power; whereas we can introduce ours generally in half a day, and in the most difficult cases in two days, and when this is once done, the operative who uses it is perfect master of it. He can run it by day or by night, and can begin and end work whenever he pleases, without interfering with his neighbor. The amount of power furnished is measured by a meter. He has no boiler to heat, and loses none of the power which is lost in the ordinary use of steam. In a word, power is domesticated.

"And this air is not confined in its use to the moving of machinery. A simple cock will replace the cumbersome bellows in the smiths' shops, and will furnish much more oxygen, the air being more compressed than by the bellows, producing a much more perfect and much more intense combustion. Those trades which require a continuous or occasional draught of air will always have it at hand.

"It will also be of great use in the economical heating of buildings, as a current of compressed air blowing the fire in the furnace will produce a perfect combustion of the fuel. The power which it gives may be applied to elevating water into the upper stories, and much other work.

"The health of the city will be improved by

the diminution of smoke, which will, in the end, be entirely consumed. Hospitals, sewers, workshops, tenant-houses, and places of public assembly may be ventilated by a current of compressed air more cheaply than in any other way.

"The price at which it will be furnished to the public for use will place it within the reach of all.

"There is no danger to be apprehended from it; even should the pressure be so great as one hundred and fifty pounds per square inch, tubes can easily be made which will sustain it, and if a tube should burst, the air streaming out would be no injury, except by its loss to us."

**A WONDERFUL LONG-RANGE CANNON**, invented by Mr. Jeffries, patentee of the well-known marine glue, is in course of being mounted in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, for experiments at Shoeburyness. Its range or flight of shot is spoken of as certain to eclipse every other weapon hitherto known. The gun, with its present bore—namely, a three-inch diameter—weighs seven tons, and presents an appearance, with the exception of the present calibre, similar to one of our 68-pounders. The charge will consist of sixteen pounds of powder, and a conically shaped shot, weighing from ten to nine pounds, and hollowed similarly to the Minié bullet, which it is presumed will be propelled fifteen or twenty miles. Mr. Jeffries, it is stated, has asserted his conviction that it would carry from Dover to Calais. It is the intention of the authorities to carry out a varied and complicated course of experiments, under the inspection of the Select Committee of Woolwich Arsenal. After being satisfied of its power in its present form, the bore will be progressively increased to a 68-pounder. To enable the gunners to point the gun, the trunnions will be fitted with a couple of telescopes, to assist the eye over the enormous range predicted.—*Press.*

From The Press.

*Louis XVI. et sa Cour.* By M. Amédée Rénée. Paris: Firmin Didot.

NOT a few histories of the reign of the unfortunate Louis XVI. of France have been written; but, not unnaturally, they have all passed more or less hurriedly over the first and longer part of it, in order to be able to enter into great development in the latter, during which he was maintaining his terrible struggle against the Revolution. A complete, and, as far as possible, impartial, account of the earlier portion of the reign, when the great and powerful Revolution was not only "looming in the future," but was announcing its approach by, if we may so express ourselves, a dark and lurid sky, by flashes of lightning and claps of thunder, has therefore long been a desideratum in the historical literature of France. M. Rénée, it is true, being charged some years back to complete Sismondi's famous history, left unfinished by the death of the historian, gave in that work some account of the epoch referred to; but since then a mass of private correspondence and numerous official documents respecting it have been produced; and these have thrown so much new light on events that were known, have revealed so much that was not known, and have represented the characters of many personages of the drama in an aspect so different to that in which they had previously been regarded, that the aforesaid desideratum still remained.

M. Rénée himself has, in the book before us, supplied it. Taking his continuation of Sismondi as his groundwork, he has incorporated in it all the new matter collected within the last few years that was worth taking, and has subjected the whole to a careful revision. The result is that he has produced the best history of "Louis XVI. and his Court" up to the actual outbreak of the Revolution that has yet appeared, or that perhaps can reasonably be expected.

"The old Monarchy finished with Louis XV." is M. Rénée's opening sentence; and the upright, well-intentioned, pious successor of that licentious royal fribble at first seemed to understand the great truth. And his subjects, believing that he really understood it, hailed his accession with much greater enthusiasm than generally greets a change of reign in a despotic country. But the poor king was not equal to his task. He had neither talent

nor energy nor foresight nor perseverance; and the situation required an extraordinarily large dose of each. Finding himself incompetent, he became confused and bewildered; and confusion and bewilderment caused him to flounder on from blunder to blunder,—to be alternately rash, irresolute, and obstinate,—to make concessions not needed, and to refuse those that were needed,—to take shallow and dangerous counsellors like the Maurepas, the Calonnes, and the Briennes, and to abandon foolishly and basely, in the first moment of difficulty, the two men who, if properly supported, would have saved the kingdom,—Turgot and Necker: in a word, to do every thing that was wrong, and to do nothing that was right at the right time or in the right way. Many persons, indeed, say that even if he had been much wiser and much more energetic, he could not possibly have guided France in the transformation she had to effect from despotism to constitutionalism, and that, therefore, act as he might, the French would as certainly have got rid of him as the English did of the Stuarts. But the Stuarts set themselves the extravagant, absurd, impossible task of destroying not only the political liberties, but the very religion of the people; whilst between Louis and his subjects there was no difference of religion,—there was nothing except the accomplishment of political reforms, which, if undertaken in real earnest, need not at first have been too radical. The Stuarts tried to undo what was firmly established—in fact, to turn back time: he had only to make modifications in the governmental system, and to turn with the stream. And though his task was easier his failure was even more disastrous than that of the Stuarts; for, whilst they lost a life and a throne, and brought many sorrows on their country, he carried his own head and that of his queen to the scaffold—he plunged France into an abyss of woe—he caused the utter ruin of his ancient house—and, ever since, France has been the plaything, now of this faction, now of that, Republican, Imperial, and Constitutional, then Constitutional, Republican, and Imperial again; besides which her future has become a "great unknown" which no mortal eye can ken. In verity he was a poor, pitiable prince.

We have not room to follow M. Rénée through his detail of the events which befell this unhappy sovereign or that occurred at his court. We content ourselves with stat-

ing, generally, that those events are narrated with clearness, eloquence, and impartiality, and are judged with sagacity; also that they are relieved with admirable sketches of the men who played a part in them, and with very interesting anecdotes. As an example of the historian's impartiality we may state that whilst most writers make Marie Antoinette either a faultless angel or a fearful demon, he defends her against the gross imputations cast on her virtue, and yet makes no attempt to disguise her constant frivolity and indiscreetness. In only one case throughout the volume do we find occasion to find fault, and that is in the developments into which he enters on the intervention of the French government in the revolt of the American colonies of England, and on the hostilities it occasioned. They are too long, and of little novelty; and besides, the matters in question belong more to the domain of general history than to Louis XVI. and his court, the proper subject of the book.

We translate a passage or two from the lighter parts of the work. Here in a few lines is a picture of Louis XVI. and his queen:—

"Louis XVI. felt himself annihilated by the superiority of his queen, and he once said, 'Her mind has such an ascendancy over mine that I cannot defend myself.' And what part, in fact, could he play by the side of that haughty and brilliant woman. He was without force of character and without prestige; he had neither the intelligence nor the manners of a court; he was taciturn and heavy in private; he had sudden outbreaks of ill-humor; between him and the queen there was no conformity either of nature or of education. Whilst she lived in the midst of elegant society, the king occupied his time in shooting and in manual labor, or in adding up patiently the petty detail of his personal expenses. If he had any marked aptitude it was for the occupation of an artisan; and whenever he was perfectly at ease, it was when he had done with the court, and could go to his anvil and forge—it was with the companion of his labor, a locksmith named Gamen, whose familiarities he submitted to. His hands were so often, as Mme. Campan says, blackened with his work that the queen had to reproach him. In addition to all this, it is said that when attending divine service in the chapel he used to chant in such a loud and discordant voice that the courtiers could not abstain from laughing. It is said, too, that in the royal chamber he did not care to observe the simplest rules of propriety."

Here is a sketch of the king's brother, the Count d'Artois, afterwards Charles X.:—

"The Count d'Artois was neither instructed, serious, nor ambitious. He was a prince who enjoyed and gaily abused his rank of prince. He was giddy, prodigal, and licentious; but he covered all these faults with a dangerous grace which too often caused them to be pardoned. The frivolous people who surrounded him said that he was witty; he was at all events elegant, and every thing in him pleased and charmed. Unlike his two brothers, he was tall and slim. He went hunting as Henri IV. went to battle, gay and impetuous. He would have figured with honor in the quadrilles of Louis XIV., but had no other resemblance with that sovereign. His courage was suspected: in his duel with the Duke de Bourbon, at Gibraltar, afterwards in Brittany, and at a still later period, it was said that he showed fear. Such a suspicion, of which he was not ignorant, ought to have caused him to seek out some means of proving in a striking manner that it was unfounded; but his life passed away without wiping off the stain which in his person was cast on the illustrious race to which he belonged. If he were really what one is reluctant to believe of a Bourbon, never was want of courage disguised under more deceptive appearances of a soldier and a knight."

We have said that M. Rénée introduces a good deal of new matter in his work. Here, for example, is an account of a very interesting conversation he had with King Louis Philippe:—

"When I had the honor to present to the king my book, completing Sismondi's History, his majesty was led to speak about Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, and especially his father, the Duke d'Orléans.

"I showed him a letter of the Prince de Ligne speaking highly of his father. He read it aloud, and appeared surprised and moved by it. He then began to speak of his father with real emotion. He praised the portrait I had drawn of that prince, and said that it was the most exact account given of him. He mentioned various peculiarities in his education, noticed the fatal examples of the time, and dwelt on his qualities and intelligence.

"Louis Philippe also spoke of Louis XVI. I ventured to say that that sovereign was not without some political and administrative talents, though so little of a king in character. But, in the king's opinion, Louis XVI. was as devoid of intelligence as of character. It w



easy to see that he had been taught to feel contempt for that unfortunate prince, and that he retained with respect to him all the impressions of his youth. He had been struck by the unkingly appearance, the negligent dress, the loud voice, and the sudden fits of passion of Louis XVI. He told me exceedingly well several anecdotes respecting him, and, amongst others, this one:—On the opening of the States-General, the king, the queen, and all the princes, went in procession to the chapel, at the head of the three Orders. A crowd of curious was naturally attracted by the spectacle. The king perceived in the crowd one of the officers of his household who held one of the ridiculous offices of the old court—he was Captain of the Grayhounds. Louis XVI. stopped, suddenly interrupted the progress of the procession, and loudly demanded from the gentleman what he was doing there, why he was not attending to his duty, and ended by ordering him to go back at once to the kennel. Such were the matters which occupied Louis XVI. at the solemn moment of opening the States-General! Such an incident naturally made a great impression on a young man, and Louis Philippe in relating it imitated the voice and gestures of the king.

“Louis Philippe entertained sentiments with regard to Marie Antoinette similar to those for Louis XVI. As I expressed my sympathy for that princess, and praised her generous character, her courage, her natural gifts, her emotion, which was at times eloquent, the king listened to me in significant silence, and seemed to indicate that he knew more on the subject than any one. I endeavored to show that there had existed against the queen a veritable conspiracy, even in the very bosom of the royal family and in the high nobility—that a regular system of intrigue, misrepresentation, and calumny had been got up against her, and that in the affair of the diamond necklace and the prosecution of Cardinal de Rohan this system had gained over the clergy, and had ended by uniting all the nation against the queen. The king, Louis Philippe, without explaining himself otherwise than by his attitude and the play of his physiognomy, cut short this delicate conversation by some becoming observation as to the indulgence which history ought to display

towards a king and a queen who had been tried by such great misfortunes.”

It was Louis XVI. who commenced the formidable fortifications of Cherbourg, and his doing so created almost as loud an outcry in England as the completion of them has done in our days:—

“Louis XVI. had some notions of naval matters and of ship-building. He undertook a journey to Cherbourg, and astonished the sailors by the extent of his technical knowledge. It was for the navy that the most honorable efforts of this reign were made. The port of Cherbourg was begun. That was speaking resolutely to England; it was like restoring in view of her shores the ruins she had caused at Dunkirk. This courage was one of the advantages produced by the last war, and Great Britain was moved and astonished at seeing France act as she pleased, and form a port without her permission. In the Parliament violent declamations were made on the subject. Burke, who hated France, denounced the act with all the Irish exaggeration of his eloquence. ‘France opens her arms,’ said he, ‘but it is to seize our commerce. At Cherbourg also France opens her arms, but she does so to place her navy in presence of our ports—to establish herself there in spite of nature; she does so to struggle against the ocean, and to dispute it with Providence, who had assigned limits to her empire. The pyramids of Egypt become annihilated in comparison with such prodigious works! The constructions at Cherbourg are such that they will soon permit France to extend her arms to Portsmouth and to Plymouth. It is no doubt in this position that France, become the guardian of the Channel, will protect us. And we poor Trojans admire this wooden horse which is preparing our ruin. We do not think on what it contains, and we forget those days of glory during which Great Britain maintained at Dunkirk inspectors to give us an account of the conduct of the French!’”

From these quotations, and from what we have said, it will be seen that M. Rénée's book is one of those which well deserve the honor of translation, and is a really valuable contribution to history.

From The Athenæum.

*Memorials and Letters illustrative of the Life and Times of John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.* By Mark Napier. Vol. I. (Edinburgh: Stevenson; London: Hamilton and Co.)

MR. NAPIER carries into literature no little of the dash and daring shown by his family in war. Fresh from a lawsuit which he undertook to avenge the plunder of his work on Montrose, he issues the first volume of a new work on Dundee. It may be that—

——“the carion-vulture waits  
To tear his heart before the crowd”

—in the cause of cheapness and the million—once more. He runs the risk of this (as of Presbyterian onslaughts for his principles), and gives us half the fruit of his labors on the later of the two famous Grahams. We forbear to pass a final judgment on his hero, Dundee, till the results of his entirely new researches are all before us. But, meanwhile, volume first contains a great deal that is valuable and interesting,—and evidences an amount of research which ought, all the more, to be handsomely acknowledged, because our copyright law, it seems, does not avail to protect it. We cannot enter now at any length into that case of “Napier versus Grant,” on which some sixty pages are bestowed, by way of introduction, in the volume before us. The legal question is out of our province. The literary question we have dealt with before. Enough—since our remarks may have encouraged Mr. Napier to embark in unsuccessful litigation—if we emphatically repeat our opinion, that the *boiling down* of dear into cheap books is fast becoming a standing disgrace to the literature of the country. When we have said that it is unfair and that it is ungentlemanly,—what more, as journalists, can we do? We cannot convert a plagiarist who finds his trade profitable. And, like the cuckoo, he is a bird that everybody hears, but that is exceedingly difficult to catch. “Let us talk of something else,” as Luther said when his friends were discoursing with him on women. Let us see how Mr. Mark Napier carries out his new, and, we hope, more successful, labors.

“There are wild dinnie-wassals, three thousand times three,

Will cry hoigh! for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.”

—so sings Scott in the famous ballad. There is something of the “wild dinnie-wassal” in

Mr. Napier's book. He lays about him with an undisciplined force,—with keen, shrewd reasoning, embodied in grotesque humor,—sacrificing “style” to the single object of vindicating the hero of Killiecrankie from the Kirk and the Whigs. Having been the first man to draw from the Queensberry Papers of his Grace of Buccleuch the original materials of Dundee's personal history, he will succeed in awakening the old controversial spirit in Scotland, and the “drum ecclesiastic” will soon be heard in the field. The Southrons are less interested in the matter. But the proud and beautiful face of Clavers dwells in the imagination of all readers of “Old Mortality,” and has set many a one wondering,—was he fierce and heartless, or only loyal and brave?

Mr. Napier's way of managing his vindication is as follows:—He begins by a general assault on Dundee's historical enemies. Then he gives us a long fragment upon him by the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe,—“the Horace Walpole of Scotland,” as Sir Walter called him. And, finally, he supplements this by some original letters of the period from eminent Scottish statesmen, drawn out of the Buccleuch archives. It is rather an *olla podrida*,—but the stuff is good and various, and assuredly there is no want of pepper.

Reserving—as above said—our ultimate judgment on Clavers' character till *all* the materials are before us, we may remind our readers how the question about it stood before Mr. Napier's time. Dundee once in his grave, the Revolution achieved, and the Scots Kirk in the ascendant, things did not promise well for his memory. A Jacobite doctor, Pitcairne, embalmed him in an epitaph; and a Jacobite soldier (in 1714) published brief, admiring “Memoirs” of him. But honors like these were valuable only among the few,—and very different notions spread about him among the many. The struggle of the Covenanters left upon the population of Scotland impressions far deeper than those left in England by the Civil War. It was a *religious war*, in fact,—and being carried on in an age when life was rude, and superstition all but universal, its traditions resembled nothing that we see now in their picturesqueness and horror. A gloomy poetry invested them, such as hangs about the lonely churchyards, ungraced by tree and flower, of

the Lowland counties, where the martyrs of the Covenant lie. Wild legends sprang up concerning the actors in the struggle, and became articles of creed to the people. That godly Mr. A. had prayed for a wind and got it,—that godly Mr. B. had predicted a persecutor's death with minute accuracy,—these beliefs were matters of course. But tradition conveyed much more. Claverhouse, it was thought, had been in league with the Devil,—who had been only too faithful in his capacity of an ally. And when one of the ungodly died—horse-power for the removal of his body had proved insufficient,—so close stuck the fiend to the clay which he had earned! Most Galloway and Ayrshire men have heard stories like these from their nurses in our own time. They had a literature, too, represented—to say nothing of chap-books—by the folios of Wodrow, a minister of Renfrewshire in George the First's time, whose memory is classical in Presbyterian fame. Wodrow was the Herodotus of the Covenant,—gathered up its stories, and put them into history. He had all the narrowness and credulity of a Scotch country minister of his day; and, allowing that he meant well, and preserved much curious matter, we cannot wonder at the irritation he produces in those who do not look at things solely from a Covenanter's point of view. He was a *gobe-mouche*, old Wodrow, ready to swallow anything in favor of his own side, and incapable, too, of appreciating any form of character but that of the Scotch saint. Philosophy, of course, was not dreamed of by him; and as "saint" and "devil" were his divisions of mankind, it would have been useless to ask him whether Dundee had not possibly been just a gallant soldier like other soldiers—commissioned to put down the Covenanters as rebels—and not harsher in his hard task than the character of his warfare permitted. Yet surely one might at least ask this question, without necessarily holding, by any means, that the cause in which the soldiers fought was a good one. No generous Englishman, thankful for the success of Charles' opponents, thinks it necessary to believe that every Cavalier was heartless, godless, and brutal,—but modern Scottish history is tainted with the *odium theologicum* more bitterly than any history in the world.

Scott himself evidently disbelieved the common Scottish notions about Dundee. He had

his picture on his walls,—he celebrated him in prose and verse,—and he loved to remember that his ancestor was "a Killiecrankie man." But he *temporized* on the subject, in a way which illustrates the prudential side of his character, and which is shrewdly touched off by Mr. Napier:—

"That Sir Walter Scott's predilections were all in favor of the hero of Killiecrankie, there cannot be a doubt. But he had neither time nor inclination to investigate very minutely vexed and intricate questions, nor to set himself to refute vulgar errors which had become ingrained on the public mind in Scotland. Universal popularity was his bank, and he feared to break it. No doubt his shrewd and comprehensive mind caught more than glimpses of the truth. In the course of his curious historical researches, he had learned to abominate the covenanting zealots, and their merciless ways; while his strong sense, and intuitive knowledge of human nature, rendered him not a little sceptical as to the myths of history, whether in the shape of a political dagon, a monster monarch, a moorland martyr, or a 'chief of Tophet on earth.' But he was too cautious and too wise to attempt to controvert where he was not prepared to refute; and he declined to grapple, publicly at least, with the popular calumny of 'Bloody Clavers.' It comes to be rather hard, however, upon a real personage of history, whose virtues have been obscured by the grossest slanders, when so great a master of fiction seizes upon him for the hero of a romance, and, instead of clearing him from calumny, only stirs the mire. And surely there is something wrong, when romance is professedly adopting history, in the coolness with which the anonymous reviewer of his own historical novel thus criticises it,—'Yet he was not uniformly so ruthless as he is painted in the tales!'"

Since Scott's time the controversy has stirred a little now and then, turning, generally, on the point of Wodrow's credibility. It is only fair to Mr. Napier to show how he handles the worst anti-Claverhouse story in that old writer; viz., the story of "John Brown," the "Christian carrier," whom Clavers was accused of wantonly and brutally putting to death with his own hand. The event, of which Wodrow's story was a version, happened in the spring of 1685, when Argyle was expected on his memorable expedition. Here is Dundee's own version of the matter, in a report to Lord Treasurer Queensberry (3d of May, 1686), now brought to light for the first time:—

"May it please your Grace,—On Friday last, amongst the hills betwixt Douglas and the Ploughlands, we pursued two fellows a great way through the mosses, and in end seized them. They had no arms about them, and denied they had any. But, being asked if they would take the *abjuration*, the eldest of the two, called John Brown, refused it; nor would he swear not to rise in arms against the King, but said *he knew no king*. Upon which, and there being found bullets and match in his house, and treasonable papers, I caused shoot him dead; which he suffered very unconcernedly. The other, a young fellow and his nephew, called *John Brownen*, offered to take the oath; but would not swear that he had not been at Newmills in arms, at *rescuing of the prisoners*. So I did not know what to do with him. I was convinced that he was guilty, but saw not how to proceed against him. Wherefore, after he had said his prayers, and carabines presented to shoot him, I offered to him that, if he would make an ingenuous confession, and make a discovery that might be of any importance for the king's service, I should delay putting him to death, and plead for him. Upon which he confessed that he was at that attack of Newmills, and that he had come straight to this house of his uncle's on Sunday morning. In the time he was making this confession, the soldiers found out a house in the hill, under ground, that could hold a dozen of men, and there were swords and pistols in it, and this fellow declared that they belonged to his uncle, and that he had lurked in that place ever since Bothwell, where he was in arms. He confessed that he had a halbert, and told who gave it him about a month ago, and we have the fellow prisoner. He gave an account of the names of the most part of those that were there. They were not above sixty, and they were all Galston and Newmills men, save a few out of Streven parish. He gave also account of a conventicle kept by Renwick at the back of Carntable, where there were thirteen score of men in arms, mustered and exercised, of which number he was with his halbert. He tells us of another conventicle about three months ago, kept near Loudon-hill; and gives account of the persons were at both, and what children were baptized; particularly that at Carntable, which was about the time that Lieutenants Murray and Crichton should have let them escape. He also gives account of those who gave any assistance to his uncle; and we have seized thereupon the goodman of the upmost Ploughlands; and another tenant, about a mile below that, is fled upon it. I doubt not, if we had time to stay, good use might be made of his confession. I have acquitted myself when I have told your Grace the case. He has

been but a month or two with his halbert; and if your Grace thinks he deserves no mercy, justice will pass on him; for I, having no commission of judiciary myself, have delivered him up to the Lieutenant-General, to be disposed of as he pleases. I am, my Lord, your Grace's most humble servant,

"J. GRAHAME."

This is stern enough in its kind, and not very pleasant reading. But compare it with the traditionary version—as told, for instance, *more suo* by Lord Macaulay—and it makes Claverhouse appear like a model philanthropist. Our biographer feels the importance of this dispute, and anticipates the attention it must provoke. We shall allow him to make his own full use of it, as follows:—Dundee having had to wait so long for his hearing,—

"In reading this authentic record, brought to light for the first time nearly two centuries after the event,—History meanwhile polluted with the most violent and contradictory nonsense on the subject,—we must bear in mind the version concocted by Wodrow. The 'Christian Carrier,' he says, 'was no way obnoxious to the Government, except for not hearing the Episcopal ministers.' He was not pursued and taken in the act of endeavoring to escape from the military authorities; but, under no imputation of crime, and suspecting no evil himself, he was wantonly seized in the vicinity of his own peaceful cottage, while placidly occupied with his rural labor, unaccompanied save by his wife and child—in short, simply in an attitude of muirland peace, and pastoral innocence. Moreover, as regards both his demeanor and his gifts, he is likened to the inspired apostolic saints. He had, indeed, Wodrow somewhat inconsistently adds, 'been a long time upon his hiding in the fields.' But why? Not because, as we now learn from his own nephew and pupil, he had fought against his sovereign at Bothwell Bridge, and had therefore continued to skulk in arms among the hills, laboring as he best could to revive the crushed rebellion and civil war—but, as Wodrow has made so many believe, because a blameless life and shining piety were qualities which, in the year 1685, sufficed to render their saintly possessors amenable to the cruelty of an uncovenanted Government, and its merciless officials, who systematically outraged the laws both of God and man. Under these circumstances, we are told, it was, that Colonel Graham of Claverhouse, directed solely by the impulse of his own fiendish nature, abhorrent of the unobtrusive piety of an innocent peasant,—without putting the ordained oath of abjuration to his victim, without connecting him by a single



circumstance with sedition, treason, or rebellion, and vouchsafing no interrogatories, but mere ribald words of contumely and abuse,—decreed the *instant death* of one of the most innocent and least dangerous of the peasantry of Scotland! And more than this, that his diabolical dragoons, devoted, as they are described, to the accursed Clavers and his cruelties, but converted on the spot by the irresistible effect of the poor man's gift of prayer, mutinied to a man, and positively refused to obey the human command. And so, 'the chief of this Tophet' was 'forced' to put his own hand to the murderous work, which he performed *con amore*, quitting the scene of blood with a heartless insult directed against the bereaved wife of the martyr, and a blasphemous challenge addressed to the God of mercy. Those who value it, are welcome to the desperate plea for Wodrow, that against his evidence, that of Claverhouse himself can be of no avail. The above letter was written under no idea of defending himself from calumny, or of any other version of the story having arisen. It is a plain official report rendered to head-quarters, by an officer of the highest position, and whose word was as good as his oath. Had a mutiny of the dragoons under his command really compelled him to use his own pistol, the circumstance must have been prominent in his report. And how high in the estimation of those who knew him stood his character for fearless truth, we may here illustrate from a letter addressed by the Duke of York to the jealous Queensberry, who had expressed some suspicion of Claverhouse having injured him at court. Writing from London, June 26, 1683, his royal highness says:—'I have had no complaint from Clavers, nor any else, about the delay there has been of adding some officers to the horse and dragoons; nor have I had so much as one letter from Clavers of any kind; and I am confident they do him much wrong who report he should say I am displeased with you; since I assure you there is no such thing, and that *he is not a man to say things which are not.*'"

Already we have shown what "treasure trove" in the way of material for historical discussion Mr. Napier owes to the kindness of the Duke of Buccleuch. But he has been digging again among the record-mines of his own house,—and here is an original letter of Bishop Burnet's, written about himself,—written, too, in the year 1683, the year of Russell and Sydney. Mr. Napier does not love the prelate—so wickedly sketched as "Buzzard" in Dryden's "Hind and Panther"—and he chuckles over the curious epistle with a relish that will not be welcome to his out-and-out admirers:—

"The following very curious 'Memorandum,' which has never yet entered History, was written by this notorious prelate of mendacious memory. It refers to the fearful crisis occasioned by the Rye-House plot. The date is immediately after the suicide of Essex, and on the eve of the execution of Lord Russell. It is addressed to John Brisbane, Esq., Secretary of the Admiralty, a very distinguished public servant, who was the husband of Margaret, Baroness Napier in her own right. Hence it is that the curious and instructive document we are about to quote, has been preserved in the Napier archives, where it yet remains. It is the *original*, and all in the handwriting of Burnet. The Memorandum is inclosed within the following note:—

"Dear Sir,—I have writ the inclosed paper with as much order as the confusion I am under can allow. I leave it to you to shew it to my Lord Halifax, or *the king*, as you think fit, only I beg you will do it as soon as may be, that, in case my Lord Russell sends for me, *the king may not be provoked against me by that.* So, Dear Sir, adieu.

"*Memorandum for Mr. Brisbane.* To let my Lord Privy Seal know that out of respect to him, I did not come to him. That I look on it as a great favor, that when so many houses were searched mine was not, in which though nothing could have been found, yet it would have marked me as a suspected person. That I never was in my whole life under so terrible a surprise and so deep a melancholy as the dismal things these last two or three days has brought forth spreads over my mind; for God knows I never *so much as suspected* any such thing; all I feared was only some rising if the king should happen to die; and that *I only collected out of the obvious things that everybody sees as well as I do*, and to prevent that took more pains than perhaps any man in England did, in particular with my unfortunate friends, to let them see that nothing brought in Popery so fast in Queen Mary's days as the business of Lady Jane Grey, which gave it a greater advance in the first month of that reign than otherwise it is likely it would have made during her whole life. So that I had *not the least suspicion of this matter*; yet if my Lord Russell *calls for my attendance now, I cannot decline it*, but shall do my duty with that fidelity as if any Privy-Counsellor were to overhear all that shall pass between us.

"I am upon this occasion positively resolved never to have any thing to do more with men of business, particularly with any *in opposition to the Court*, but will divide the rest of my life between my function and a very few friends, and my laboratory; and upon this *I pass my word and faith to you, and that being given under my hand to you,*

*I do not doubt but you will make the like engagements in my name to the King; and I hope my Lord Privy Seal will take occasion to do the like, for I think he will believe me. I ask nor expect nothing but only to stand clear in the King's thoughts. For preferment, I am resolved against it, tho' I could obtain it; but I beg not to be more under hard thoughts; especially since in all this discovery there has not been so much occasion to name me as to give a rise for a search; and the friendship I had with these two, and their confidence in me in all other things, may show that they knew I was not to be spoke to in any thing against my duty to the king. I do beg of you that no discourse may be made of this, for it would look like a sneaking for somewhat; and you in particular know how far that it is from my heart; therefore I need not beg of you, nor of my Lord Halifax, to judge aright of this message; but if you can make the king think well of it, and say nothing of it, it will be the greatest kindness you can possibly do me. I would have done this sooner, but it might have looked like fear or guilt; so I forbore hitherto, but now I thought it fit to do it. I choose rather to write it than say it, both that you might have it under my hand, that you may see how sincere I am in it, as also because I am now so overcharged with melancholy that I can scarce endure any company, and for two nights have not been able to sleep an hour. One thing you may, as you think fit, tell the king, that tho' I am too inconsiderable to think I can ever serve him while I am alive, yet I hope I shall be able to do it to some purpose after I am dead; this you understand, and I will do it with zeal. So, my dear friend, pity your poor, melancholy friend, who was never in his whole life under so deep an affliction; for I think I shall never enjoy myself after it; and God knows death would be now very welcome to me. Do not come near me for some time, for I cannot bear any company; only I go oft to my Lady Essex and weep with her; and, indeed, the king's carriage to her has been so great and worthy, that it can never be too much admired; and I am sure, if ever I live to finish what you know I am about, it, and all the other good things I can think of, shall not want all the light I can give them. Adieu, my dear friend, and keep this as a witness against me if I ever fail in the performance of it. I am, you know, with all the zeal and fidelity possible, your most faithful and most humble servant,*

“G. BURNET.”

“Sunday Morning, 17th July, 1683.”

“Burnet's abject letter did not succeed. He was disgraced, and obliged to go abroad. He became the most active agent of the Revolution, and obtained a mitre from King William. In his Life, prefixed to the History of his Own Time, it is said, ‘His behavior at the trial of the Lord Russell, his attendance on him in prison, and afterwards upon the scaffold, the examination he underwent before the Council, in relation to that Lord's dying speech, and the boldness with which he there undertook to vindicate his memory, as also the indignation the court expressed against him upon that occasion, are all fully set forth in the history.’ But it is impossible to credit that history, in such matters, after reading the above letter; which, be it observed, was to be made known to the king. Where had Burnet miraculously found the courage which, as the danger thickened around him, made him so collected and daring, before that very king and his Council, as to enrage them all? ‘Lord Halifax (he says) sent me word that the Duke looked on my reading the journal (before the Council) as a studied thing, to make a panegyric on Lord Russell's memory.’ Lord Halifax, for whom the letter had been written from our ‘poor, melancholy friend!’ *Credat Judæus.*”

The italics, of course, are our biographer's own. Certainly, the letter is highly curious—indeed, one of the most singular self-revelations disinterred during later years. One cannot read it, too, without rejoicing in that modern zeal for MS. research which promises to add so much to our real, personal, and intimate knowledge of historical men. Only think what masses of valuable matter of the kind there must be in the charter-chests of our conspicuous families! and how careful they ought to be to preserve and arrange their hereditary papers!

We have now said enough to indicate the importance of Mr. Napier's first volume, which will find its way to most persons fond of original historical inquiry. Some letters from the well-known Lord Rothes might be quoted; but we forbear to load our columns with extracts, and content ourselves with the significant and suggestive ones made already. When are we to have the second volume? The present publication amounts to a motion for a new trial in the case of the Covenanters *versus* Viscount Dundee,—and, so far, we can cheerfully bid Mr. Napier to “take a rule.”

From The Literary Gazette.

*Plain and Pleasant Talks about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming.* By Henry Ward Beecher. (New York: Darby and Jackson, 119, Nassau Street. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Co.)

FOR years we have received, and perused with indescribable interest, the beautifully illustrated agricultural periodicals of the United States, such as *The Albany Cultivator*, or *Country Gentleman*; and we have, we must confess, felt alike surprised and ashamed to witness the interest taken in every phase and development of agricultural science in England, amongst a people whose agriculture, quite as advanced as our own, is held by us in contempt, and treated as in nonage. We are not singular in this feeling. We submitted the handsomely printed and spiritedly written and embellished transatlantic periodicals to our first horticulturists, and to agriculturists of the highest reputation, and their astonishment and delight have invariably equalled our own; the best test thereof being the instinctive desire of subscribing to publications possessing so much intelligence and utility. That the very existence of these papers should be unknown, however, to the reading public of this country is by no means surprising as regards agriculture; our farmers and others possess their established organs, whence nothing on earth could induce them to deviate; and one or two attempts, such as the *Scottish Agricultural Journal*, *Western Agriculturist* (Glasgow), etc., by a single individual, to provide a rational periodical literature for British husbandry, have been visited with that discouragement which a preference for the dull, old, absurd routine of common market tables, and a religious fidelity as respects every shade and shifting of the weather or the crops, can so well supply, to extinguish discussion and forbid improvement. It is indeed lamentable, but true, that, with exception of the occasional run on a foolish pamphlet, there is not on earth a more thankless task for the author than writing for the agriculturist.

As exemplifying the different spirit in which a topic so interesting to all mankind as the production of our daily bread, can be and ought to be handled, no book could be more appropriate than the "plain and pleasant" one of the brother of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. As a proof of the different

eye with which English agriculture is scanned in America from that with which American agriculture is contemplated from our side of the water, nothing could be more welcome. It is, in fact, composed of scraps and fugitive contributions to a periodical of the very class we have been commending, written in the spirit of a sincere love of the productive art, and of the good of the species dependent on it for sustenance. The author, indeed, in a prefatory note, admits that no one of his readers

"Will be half so curious to know what this book contains as the author himself—for it is more than twelve years since these pieces were begun, and it is more than ten years since we have looked at them. The publishers have taken the trouble to dig them out from what we supposed to be their last burial-place, in the columns of the *Western Farmer and Gardener*, and they have gone through the press without our own revision."

Now we do not altogether admit this to be a judicious mode of book-making. But although Lord Campbell's speeches and George Robins' advertisements, astounding in their proper spheres, turned out wretchedly dull and uninteresting in a collected form, there would seem to be grounds of exception in the present author's favor; and no one, we believe, can peruse his explanation without being able to divine sufficient cause for a prose collection of fugitive pieces, once in a way, proving excellent. The secret rests in the writer's enthusiasm, in his having executed the work, through piece-meal, *con amore*; for we may depend upon it that no offering of the heart, poetic or prosaic, is ever ineffectual. The case was this:—

"It is now twenty years since we settled at Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana, a place then of *four*, now of *twenty-five* thousand inhabitants. At that time, and for years afterwards, there was not within our knowledge any other than political newspapers in the state—no educational journals, no agricultural or family papers. The *Indiana Journal* at length proposed to introduce an agricultural department, the matter of which should every month be printed in Magazine form, under the title *Indiana Farmer and Gardener*, which was afterwards changed to the more comprehensive title *Western Farmer and Gardener*. It may be of some service to the young, as showing how valuable the fragments of time may become, if mention is made of the way in which we became prepared to edit this journal. The continual

taxation of daily preaching, extending through months, and once through eighteen consecutive months, without the exception of a single day, began to wear upon the nerves, and made it necessary for us to seek some relaxation. Accordingly we used, after each week-night's preaching, to drive the sermon out of our heads by some alternative reading. In the State Library were Loudon's works, his Encyclopædias of Horticulture, of Agriculture, and of Architecture. We fell upon them, and for years almost monopolized them. In our little one-story cottage, after the day's work was done, we pored over these monuments of an almost incredible industry, and read, we suppose, not only every line but much of it many times over, until, at length, we had a topographical knowledge of many of the fine English estates—quite as intimate, we dare say, as was possessed by many of their truant owners. There was something exceedingly pleasant, and is yet, in the studying over mere catalogues of flowers, trees, fruits, etc. A seedsman's list, a nurseryman's catalogue are more fascinating to us than any story. In this way, through several years, we gradually accumulated materials and became familiar with facts and principles which paved the way for our editorial labors. "Lindley's Horticulture" and "Gray's Structural Botany" came in as constant companions. And when, at length, through a friend's liberality, we became the recipients of the London *Gardeners' Chronicle*, edited by Prof. Lindley, our treasures were inestimable. Many hundred times have we lain awake for hours, unable to throw off the excitement of preaching, and beguiling the time with imaginary visits to the Chiswick Gardens, to the more than oriental magnificence of the Duke of Devonshire's grounds at Chatsworth. We have had long discussions in that little bedroom at Indianapolis, with Van Mons about briers, with Vibert about roses, with Thompson and Knight of fruits and theories of vegetable life, and with Loudon about every thing under the heavens in the horticultural world.

How can the talk be otherwise than plain and pleasant which is a reproduction of these innocent dreams? But we are struck no less with its usefulness than its agreeable nature. It is very opinionative, no doubt, as "talk" invariably is. The greatest talker we ever knew was an old admiral, now gathered to his fathers (they were only drapers), and he used to wind up with the declaration, "I may be wrong—but that's my opinion—and I'm generally right." Agricultural science is, after six thousand years, in truth, still such a chaos that every agricultural writer, as well

as Mr. Beecher, feels himself entitled to say the same thing. They may be wrong, or they may be right. What they offer are, after all, merely their opinions. There some hundred and fifty articles reprinted in Mr. Ward Beecher's book—and what are they but his opinions? We might debate at great length, quoting Bichât and the French economists *usque ad nauseam*, his leading doctrine of small farms, for instance, and thorough cultivation. But that is not the example set by Mr. Beecher. He starts with this as a postulate of "his creed," and he sticks to it throughout. Nor do we altogether see the advantage of contending with him. What may be necessary for English farming (and that is commonly considered to be capital to stock, and strength to work a farm upon a scale of some remuneration) may neither be forthcoming nor come-at-able in America. In fact, the extent or area of American farming may be its evils just as the lack of elbow-room is our loss, and hence the doctrine of thorough cultivation, or proportioning your aims to your means, may be a truth of greater urgency yonder than here. Another of Mr. Beecher's axioms, deep ploughing (or plowing, as the Americans spell it, à la Webster), is even undergoing a change of sentiment in this country. We, ourselves, were incredibly startled the other day by a declaration of no less an authority than the Rev. Anthony Huxtable, who, on our paying a visit to his clay farm in the vale of Blackmore, intimated his determination of in future ploughing no deeper for cereal crops than two inches; for, as he explained, "the production of seeds is due to the coronal and not to the tap roots, and why should I cultivate for depth when superficial culture is more required? I engage," added the Rev. agriculturist, "next year to raise a better grain crop than any in the district, without going beyond the two inches for a seed bed." The experiment, we are bound to add, may succeed, for this reason, that no land in the world has received already a better manipulation than Mr. Huxtable's; and as his manuring is mostly a foul water irrigation (you can *smell* his farm a quarter of a mile away), he may justly rely on the richness of the surface.

Mr. Ward Beecher's is not so much a practical, however, as a theoretical work, and yet it is in this respect an anomaly, being no less practical in many points than it is theo-



retical. We simply mean to state that, though practical, it is eminently speculative. No points are discussed by him with greater zest, for example, than those of the farmer's education, the farmer's spelling, the farmer's library; points upon which the farmers on this side the herring-pond would turn up their noses. But, ah! our invaluable friend, Mr. Alderman Mechi, is right when he tells them that a true English farmer's place is at the desk, and not upon the dunghheap. There is a great deal to be done for the farmer at school, in the counting-house, and in the library. He must be more a man of business, a man of knowledge and of the world than he is now. If they already feel this in America, how much more ought we to be convinced of it in England! Yet Mr. Ward Beecher speaks the truth when he states that if a farmer happens to educate his son, it is to send him off the farm. Why, farming has as much need for education as doctoring, lawyering, or preaching. It is a science which, as shown in the recently published outline of "Agricultural Science applied to Practice" (Groombridge), embraces all the other natural and exact sciences together, and requires an extension and comprehension of knowledge second to no other subject.

To correct mistakes, to prevent abuses, to check and rebuke error in every form, is, in consequence of the defects of information, and instruction amongst agriculturists, a serious part of Mr. Ward Beecher's labors. There is, however, not one syllable of his admonition which might not be fairly bestowed upon or fitly brought home, if not to our educated

gentleman farmers and amateur proprietary agriculturists, at all events to the majority of those who act for them, and either furnish them with hands or brains. Thus, the value of "mistakes" (so well illustrated); the humbug of "societies," at first flourishing, afterwards languishing, finally to decay; the nonsense of "electro-culture;" of single crop farming, or putting reliance exclusively on one staple article; and an innumerable host of proofs in support of one of the good things said by Napoleon III. to his soldiers, "to the warrior experience is science" (and why not to the farmer?);—these, with many other similar specimens of Mr. Beecher's brief essays, tell equally well at home and abroad. Of points of improvement, fair and candid as well as impartial investigations are made; as in treating of "improved breeds" (of hogs and cattle), and although we find no traces of the knowledge possessed by such men as Mr. Henry Strafford, the editor of the "Short-horn," or Mr. Thomas Duckham, the editor of the "Hereford" Herd-books, we arrive at safe and simple enough conclusions under the dictation of Mr. Beecher. "As to the different varieties," he says, "we have no interest in urging one more than another. . . . All that we ask is that farmers should aim to procure *the best*." This would indeed be saying little to the purpose had he not previously expounded (in dollars) *which was the best*. The same sensible, shrewd, and pertinent observation will be found predominant throughout the book. Our gardeners, farmers, and agriculturists may read it with profit, and we feel assured they will do so with pleasure.

**ELECTRIC EGGS.**—The structure of the eggs of birds offers a certain resemblance to some forms of the galvanic battery, inasmuch as it consists of a fluid enclosed in a porous diaphragm, and in contact with another fluid of a different chemical composition. This circumstance attracting the notice of Dr. John Davy, he made it the subject of experiment, in order to ascertain whether any galvanic action was exerted by the different constituents of which the egg is composed. The result fully answered his expectations; and there can be little doubt that electro-chemical action plays an important part in the changes which the egg undergoes during the process of incubation. Using a delicate galvanometer and a suitable apparatus, on plunging one wire into the white and the other, insulated except at the point of contact, into the yolk, the needle was deflected to the extent of

50°; and on changing the wires, the course of the needle was reversed. When the white and yolk were taken out of the shell and the yolk immersed in the white, the effects, on trial, were similar, but not so when the two were well mixed; then no distinct effect was perceptible. Indications also of chemical action were obtained on substituting for the galvanometer a mixture, consisting of water, a little gelatinous starch, and a small quantity of iodide of potassium, especially when rendered very sensitive of change by the addition of a few drops of muriatic acid. In the instance of newly laid eggs the iodine liberated appeared at the pole connected with the white; on the contrary, in that of eggs which had been kept some time, it appeared at the pole connected with the yolk, answering in both to the copper in a single voltaic combination formed of copper and zinc.—*Literary Gazette*.

From The Saturday Review.  
CHRISTIAN ORATORY.\*

THE study of Patristic Theology has been subject to curious fluctuations in this country. In the days of Hammond and Usher, no theological treatise of any pretension could have passed current unless it bore evident marks of deep reading of the Fathers; and indeed Usher's extracts from them in foot-notes and side-notes are, to one who seeks no further, a large repertory of their doctrine and sentiments. The pages of Hooker, Barrow, and Jeremy Taylor, it need scarcely be added, indicate a fruitful knowledge of those depths of eloquence and lore. But we note a reaction. Archbishop Sharp of York used to say he owed his mitre to the Bible and Shakspeare, and certainly we search his sermons in vain for reference to the Fathers. The reader of the feeble and washy sermons of a century or a century and half ago becomes conscious of another and a baser standard; and perhaps the empty platitudes and high-sounding barrenness of that period may have contributed in part towards bringing about the general contempt into which our Church was falling, when the so-called Evangelicals arose to quicken the dying embers, and became, though certainly not the immediate cause of a revived study of the Fathers, yet a remote cause, in that they evoked the energies of the original authors of the *Tracts for the Times*. Whatever the faults of these last, neglect of the mines of Patristic literature was not one of them; and though now the perversion of certain leaders of the Tractarian party has left in narrow minds a prejudice against the Fathers, yet that they are very much more read than a quarter of a century ago, publishers can best testify. By theological students, deserving the name, they *must* be read. They must be carefully studied by all who aspire to eminence in the ranks of the clergy; for eminence implies a position to be maintained, and the arms whereby it must be maintained are careful interpretation and eloquent delivery of Scriptural truth.

More or less the Fathers of the first five centuries supply these arms; and, as some of these fall very far short of others in orthodoxy, in eloquence, and in style, it seems at first sight not unwise in the Hulsean Trustees

to have proposed the subject of "Christian Oratory in the First Five Centuries" for the annual prize in the University of Cambridge. But that the subject is unduly large, and that its requirements could only be adequately satisfied after a long life of study, are facts of which we suspect no one can feel more conscious than Mr. Moule himself; and, in truth, fair play demands that he should enjoy the credit of what he has done, while his omissions and contractions should be laid at the door of those who prescribed to the writer and his subject limits so unequal. A young student, however distinguished, can hardly do justice to the relative oratorical and general merits of some four-and-twenty Fathers, giving specimens of the style of each, and adding chapters respecting the causes of the prominence or non-prominence of oratory at various times within the prescribed period. He must often do injustice to one or another of those whom he is estimating, and often take his conclusions and specimens of eloquence at second-hand from others who have preceded him without the same restrictions of space and the same comparative inexperience. Milman, Neander, and even Waddington, have approached a like task at a maturer age without the trammels of an University exercise. And, this being so, perhaps Mr. Moule could not have done better than refer, as he has done, very much to these his forerunners in the work, and thus give a gentle hint, to those who set the subject, of the awkward character of its dimensions.

The introductory chapter touches upon the erroneous popular views of preaching, and shows that the supposed advantage on the score of art, of a dignified and moving theme, is, in this case, unfairly urged, since the very gravity of the subject-matter is too impressive for the requirements of mere art. Demosthenes and Cicero grasped the living present—Ambrose and Chrysostom dwelt upon the future. The former appealed to waking realities, the latter to dim and far-off visions. Spiritual addresses cannot fairly be compared with secular. The preacher's aim is different, his end being to save souls; and the necessity to his success of the moral element renders *art* a secondary consideration; besides which, he has rarely leisure for that intense application to the study of oratory to which the secular masters of eloquence in Athens or Rome devoted themselves so sedulously. And

\* *Christian Oratory: an Inquiry into its History during the First Five Centuries.* By Horace M. Moule, Queen's College, Cambridge. Cambridge and London: Macmillan. 1859.

yet, since all the powers of the Christian are dedicated to God, the power of speech will be consecrated to the service of Christianity; and, not uncommonly, a "moral self-consciousness" loosens the tongue of the earnest preacher, and stands to him instead of the most systematic instruction in rhetoric.

In mapping out the space of time over which the essay extends, its author adopts Milman's four periods up to the death of Constantine—the first extending to the death of Nero (A.D. 68), the second to Trajan's accession (88), the third to the death of M. Aurelius, and the fourth to the establishment of Christianity as the state religion in 324. From this point, or rather from Constantine's death in 337, to the fall of the Western Empire in 476, he divides into four other periods, terminating, the first with the Division of the Empire (A.D. 364); the second with 395, the last year of Theodosius I.; the third with Genseric's landing in Africa in 429; and the fourth with the year of extinction, 476. The second chapter carefully reviews the history of these periods, and dwells at some length on the persecutions, as tending to throw light on the complicated conceptions which the later Fathers had of martyrdom, and as being the first distinct inspiration of a Christian literature. Now, as Mr. Moule eliminates from the list of persecutors all save M. Aurelius, Decius, Valerian, and Dioclesian—reserving for the first alone of these the title of a real and determined persecutor—we could have spared any delay on this outskirts of the main subject, had he seen fit to give up the pages so gained to some one or other Christian orator whom he has dismissed too summarily. A treatise of this size is hardly large enough for much collateral matter. A knowledge of it should be presupposed. When, besides the persecutions, the "heresies and schisms" and "the pagan schools of thought" have been surveyed, and the first five centuries finally distributed into the Apostolic, Philosophic or Mystic, and "Oratorical proper" periods, we find a fourth part of the volume completed, and the subject itself just opening. The detail, however, of the causes which, during the first two periods, kept oratory in the back-ground as a means of extending the Church's influence without its pale, is pertinent and satisfactory. The singular conduct, the blameless life, and the constancy unto death of believers were more powerful than

eloquence to convince hesitating minds; while, within the Church's pale, the dangers of assembling for worship, and the prior claims of reading the Scriptures, and of catechetical instruction, rendered the sermon of secondary importance. Another chapter on the "Antiquities of preaching" is compiled mainly from Riddle's *Christian Antiquities*; and from it we gather, among other things, that in the Latin Church the sermon lasted often not more than ten minutes. During its delivery the preacher sat, the hearers stood—which may perhaps suggest that brevity was so popular as to become imperative. Mr. Moule illustrates this variation of practice by the difference between the English and the Scotch, the latter of whom sit during the psalm or hymn, and stand at prayer. He should go into some Welsh churches to see varieties of usages quite as singular.

We differ from Mr. Moule's opinion that Milman and Neander rate too highly, as specimens of apostolic eloquence, St. Peter's sermons on the Day of Pentecost and at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple, or that of St. Paul on Mars' Hill, of which he has analyzed Neander's paraphrase. True, the sermons, as we read them in Holy Writ, may be only the headings or chief topics of the addresses then delivered; but is there not, on what has come down to us, the impress of inspired oratory, which doubtless fired every sentence of each Apostle? And is it not fair to judge, especially on such ground, by the sample which is left to us? For force and vigor—and in the case of St. Paul, for erudition also—they stand so high, that even if they were not, as we venture to think they are, beyond the scope of comparison, they might bear the palm from other and later eloquence. And as to St. Paul's knowledge of Greek literature, judging from his birth at polished Tarsus, his Roman citizenship, and the general consent of authorities, we had rather err on Bentley's side than be right with Mr. Moule. Nor has he quite done justice to Clement of Rome and Polycarp. The extract from the former given in Conybeare's second *Bampton Lecture* (pp. 66, 67) is certainly eloquent and scriptural in the highest degree; and the true estimate of Clement is probably that of Waddington, who speaks of his Epistle as "containing many noble truths, flowing from a vigorous Christian spirit, in language never feeble and occasionally eloquent." The notice

of these apostolic Fathers is concluded by a quotation from Dean Conybeare, that "in reading Clement or Polycarp, we find them breathing a spirit so truly apostolical as to make us almost feel the 'mantle' of St. Paul;" and by a remark thereon—"This is true of the *spirit*; but we miss the authority of inspiration in the language, and look in vain for human *style*." This is hard measure. Conybeare, in his very next paragraph, lays down very clearly in what light the Epistles alluded to should be regarded—disclaiming inspiration for them, but noticing how thoroughly they are imbued with Scripture in their modes of thought and expression. In a lower degree, then, their pretension to eloquence as compositions partakes, inspiration apart, of the claims of the apostolic sermons and writings.

In a passing glance at the Philosophic or Mystic period, we tarry at the notice of Clement of Alexandria, from whose *λόγος προτρεπτικός* our author exhibits passages translated by Bishop Kay and Dean Conybeare. The selections which he has made are judicious; but for a far better and fuller idea of the eloquence of this Father we refer the reader to a little book published by Pickering in 1844, and entitled *Christian Doctrine and Practice in the Second Century*. The translations, in that volume, of chapters ten and twelve of the *Protreptic Discourse* are very good; and we could have wished that the author of the essay before us had given us one or two specimens of the curious general information with which Clement's works are interspersed. In the first chapter, for example, of the second book of the *Pædagogus*, there is a passage enumerating all the delicacies of the table which we might almost fancy we were reading from Athenæus. We must add that while the "quietism" of Clement of Alexandria is noticed, a line or two might also have called attention to other blemishes of his system—his adoption of *esoteric* and *exoteric* doctrine, and his notion that the Devil had no personality, but was merely the sensual principle.

In the pages devoted to Origen we desiderate specimens from his Homilies, of which Scultetus said "Est namque videre in iis singulare concionandi artificium." But we entirely coincide with Mr. Moule as to the inconsiderateness of Coleridge's dictum that Origen was the only scholar and genius among the Church Fathers. To Tertullian our au-

thor ascribes energy and pregnant conciseness, whilst he deems him inferior to Cyprian in fluency and clearness. (Compare Milman, H. A. C. ii. 244). We would supplement this estimate with Conybeare's addition to "great sententiousness" of "pointed irony." A fair specimen of the author's own powers of translation is to be obtained, in his rendering of the criticism of Lactantius on Cyprian (Div. Inst. v. i. p. 459), only we object to the use of the word "exegesis," though localized at Oxford and Cambridge, in an English translation; and in p. 100 we do not much admire the translation of "præmonstrationes," "small specimen-models."

We are compelled to pass on to one of the most interesting chapters in the volume—that upon St. Chrysostom; and we do so with the less reluctance, because the eloquence of Ambrose lay chiefly in his confidence and vigor, and Basil and the Gregories were elegant sentimentalists, more or less feeble and timid. Jerome, whom Coleridge deemed "one of the three great Fathers in respect of theology," is dismissed without any specimen of his style by Mr. Moule. St. Chrysostom is, indeed, as the author remarks, a study for a lifetime; and it is becoming modesty in him to profess no more than to skirt the field of that great Father. We rejoice that he has given at least thirty pages to this master of oratory, with appropriate and copious illustration and translation. From a writer so voluminous as Chrysostom every student has a passage or two to parallel each which any other student puts forth; but, on the whole, the choice has been very judiciously made, and, unless the essay had dealt almost solely with him and St. Augustin (an ample field, be it observed, in themselves), this portion could scarcely have been better done. We point to the panegyric on Rome, from the thirty-second Homily on the Epistle to the Romans, and the exhortation to his hearers to let the fruits of their hearing be seen in their bringing others into the fold (p. 142, 3), as specimens of vigorous and accurate translation. In noticing and illustrating St. Chrysostom's extempore allusions to passing matters (e.g., "The Gleam of Sunshine" and "The Lighting of the Lamps"), Mr. Moule has shown judgment, and supplied hints for the introduction of natural and justifiable "effect" into modern sermons. We have compared with the original the translated extract from the "Homily



before going into exile," as well as three passages on "The Priestly office," on "Fasting," and on "God's presence in the House." All are careful reproductions of Chrysostom in an English garb, and serve, as the translator wished, to illustrate at the same time the preacher's oratory and character. By the way, what are we to infer from the author's remark on the passage about Hannah's going up to the Temple to pray—"that there is no special virtue in the nature of a consecrated place as such, and that Chrysostom's discreet words on this topic have a living significance at the present day." The Father makes a reservation "if no house of prayer be near"—otherwise he would doubtless have enforced attendance at the House of God. It is just one of those services which are *generally necessary*—though of course, if you are in the backwoods, the shade of a tree or the broad canopy of heaven may fitly form a place of prayer and thanksgiving. Conybeare, in a note at p. 224 of his *Bampton Lectures*, rightly blames Clement of Alexandria for observing that his perfect exemplar of a Christian needs "no stated place or time of prayer, for to him every spot is consecrated, his whole life one continuous festival." And St. Chrysostom's Homily on Act. Apost. xviii., clearly lays it down that he would fain see churches built on every estate, so that there might be no lack of consecrated buildings for a holy worship. This little hit about "living signifi-

cance in the present day" is an *ad captandum* touch, which we predict will be omitted should the volume reach a second edition. That it may do so is not impossible, for it is decidedly a "handy book" to the Fathers of the first five centuries; and there is a lack of such books. In such a case we should suggest compression of the earlier portion of the volume, so as to leave more room for the lights of the fourth century, and for the very interesting comparison of them with the preachers of modern Europe. In truth, a separate volume would not be too much for this comparison. Between Chrysostom and Demosthenes, for reasons stated above, any institution of a comparison is supererogatory; but the brief parallelism of Massillon, Bossuet, Jeremy Taylor, Robert Hall, and Irving with the old Fathers is so suggestive that we can but hope Mr. Moule may enlarge it. Having early begun to study the Fathers, he has a golden opportunity for enriching the translated literature of this country; and it is no flattery to say that, if he would undertake the Epistles of Chrysostom, which Gibbon somewhere regrets are untranslated, he might safely be trusted with the task. It is commonly said that an English translation cannot do justice to St. Chrysostom. We doubt this; and believing that the diligent study of his works would greatly improve our modern theology and sermon-writing, we should rejoice to welcome a practical proof of the contrary.

**FINDING FAULT WITH YOUR CHILDREN.**—It is at times necessary to censure and punish. But very much more may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be, therefore, more careful to express your approbation of good conduct than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parent. And hardly any thing can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition, both of the parent and child. There are two great motives influencing human actions—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending. If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees any thing amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that it is

useless to try to please. Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting; and at last, finding that whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

But let a mother approve of her child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good behavior makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his efforts to please, by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit. Your child has been throughout the day very pleasant and obedient. Just before putting him to sleep for the night, you take his hand and say, "My son, you have been very good, to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

### THE MAN IN THE BELL.

IN my younger days, bell-ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of — than it is in modern times. Nobody, I believe, practises there at present except the servants of the church, and the melody has been much injured in consequence. Some fifty years ago, about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the cathedral, formed a club, which used to ring every peal that was called for; and, from continual practice and a rivalry which arose between us and a club attached to another steeple, and which tended considerably to sharpen our zeal, we became very Mozarts on our favorite instruments. But my bell-ringing practice was shortened by a singular accident, which not only stopped my performance, but made even the sound of a bell terrible to my ears.

One Sunday, I went with another into the belfry to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled showed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning, and it had been prepared, of course, to ring a mournful note. We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft, and cut off the hat;" for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat, or of cloth (the former was preferred), to one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll. I complied, and mounting into the belfry, crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off; during which time my companion below was hastily called away—by a message from his sweetheart, I believe—but that is not material to my story. The person who called him was a brother of the club, who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out, when I felt the bell moving; I guessed the reason at once—it was a moment of terror; but by a hasty and almost convulsive effort, I succeeded in jumping down, and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell.

The room in which it was, was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the

floor of lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not laid myself down a second, when the ringing began. It was a dreadful situation. Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces; the floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths, and if they gave way, I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would, in all probability, have sunk under the impulse of my fall, and sent me to be dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel, an hundred feet below. I remembered—for fear is quick in recollection—how a common clock-wright, about a month before, had fallen, and, bursting through the floors of the steeple, driven in the ceilings of the porch, and even broken into the marble tombstone of a bishop who slept beneath. This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute, before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack: there was not a fibre of my body it did not thrill through. It entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror. Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face; and my eyes—I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first; every time it descended, I endeavored to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down-sweeping mass; and then, reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cover up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pulleys above would give way, and let the bell plunge on me. At another time, the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep, and dashing through my body, as I had seen a ramrod glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor, tormented me; but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary, and of course more ter-

mendous. The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to teem with all sorts of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above, and opening its jaws with a hideous clamor, seemed to me at one time a ravening monster, raging to devour me; at another, a whirlpool ready to suck me into its bellowing abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes; it was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian storytellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me. As I looked upward into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent, or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying-dragon. Nor was the flaming breath or fiery glance of that fabled animal wanting to complete the picture. My eyes, inflamed, bloodshot, and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea, and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me, nearly with the violence, and more than the thunder, of a tempest; and the floor seemed to reel under me, as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that seized on me were drawn from the supernatural. In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared, and glared down on me with terrifying frowns, or with grinning mockery still more appalling. At last, the Devil himself, accoutred as in the common description of the evil spirit, with hoof, horn, and tail, and eyes of infernal lustre, made his appearance, and called on me to curse God and worship him, who was powerful to save me. This dread suggestion he uttered with the full-toned clangor of the bell. I had him within an inch of me, and I thought on the fate of the Santon Barsisa. Strenuously and desperately I defied him and bade him begone. Reason, then, for a moment, resumed her sway, but it was only to fill me with fresh terror, just as the lightning dispels the gloom that surrounds the benighted mariner, but to show him that his vessel is driving on a rock, where she must inevitably be dashed to pieces. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should ut-

terly desert me. This is at all times an agonizing thought, but it smote me then with tenfold agony. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise—to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which calls on a man, whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle, to precipitate himself from it, and then death would be instant and tremendous. When I thought of this, I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails; and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were of course drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth, it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling, or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

You may accuse me of exaggerating my feelings; but I am not. Many a scene of dread have I since passed through, but they are nothing to the self-inflicted terrors of this half-hour. The ancients have doomed one of the damned, in their Tartarus, to lie under a rock, which every moment seems to be descending to annihilate him—and an awful punishment it would be. But if to this you add a clamor as loud as if ten thousand furies were howling about you—a deafening uproar banishing reason, and driving you to madness—you must allow that the bitterness of the pang was rendered more terrible. There is no man, firm as his nerves may be, who could retain his courage in this situation.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation,—the other half appeared an age. When it ceased, I became gradually more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing, but, at the end of that short time, the bell would be rung a second time, for five minutes more. I could not calculate time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise, lest the five minutes should have elapsed, and the ringing be again commenced, in which case I should be crushed, before I could escape, against the walls or frame work of the bell. I therefore

still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief. The cessation of the noise had, in a great measure, the effect of stupefying me, for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes, and clenched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice. At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack, to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought. Wrapt in the defensive armor of stupidity, I defied the bell and its intonations. When it ceased, I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but, putting up my hand with the utmost caution, I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased, it still was tremulous from the sound, and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have lain then already too long, and that the bell for evening service would catch me. This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity, and arose. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning, and arrived in the bell-ringers' room. This was the last act I had power to accomplish. I leant against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me,

when, in the course of a couple of hours, they returned to their occupation.

They were shocked, as well they might be, at the figure before them. The wind of the bell had excoriated my face, and my dim and stupefied eyes were fixed with a lack-lustre gaze in my raw eyelids. My hands were torn and bleeding; my hair dishevelled; and my clothes tattered. They spoke to me, but I gave no answer. They shook me, but I remained insensible. They then became alarmed, and hastened to remove me. He who had first gone up with me in the forenoon, met them as they carried me through the churchyard, and through him, who was shocked at having, in some measure, occasioned the accident, the cause of my misfortune was discovered. I was put to bed at home, and remained for three days delirious, but gradually recovered my senses. You may be sure the bell formed a prominent topic of my ravings, and if I heard a peal, they were instantly increased to the utmost violence. Even when the delirium abated, my sleep was continually disturbed by imagined ringings, and my dreams were haunted by the fancies which almost maddened me while in the steeple. My friends removed me to a house in the country, which was sufficiently distant from any place of worship, to save me from the apprehensions of hearing the church-going bell; for what Alexander Selkirk, in Cowper's poem, complained of as a misfortune, was then to me as a blessing. Here I recovered; but, even long after recovery, if a gale wafted the notes of a peal towards me, I started with nervous apprehension. I felt a Mohammedan hatred to all the bell tribe, and envied the subjects of the Commander of the Faithful the sonorous voice of their Muezzin. Time cured this, as it does the most of our follies; but, even at the present day, if, by chance, my nerves be unstrung, some particular tones of the cathedral bell have power to surprise me into a momentary start.



From The Saturday Review.

## THE SWISS EXCURSIONIST.

THE progress of railways has introduced an entirely new class to the pleasures of touring, who in former days were utterly excluded from them. There were the courier tourists in old days, travelling post and spending recklessly, and there were pedestrians, like Goldsmith, who fared scarcely better than the peasantry of the countries they were walking through. But poor *paterfamilias* on his travels, eking out his thrifty savings to make them last over a month's outing in Switzerland, is a creation of a very recent date. The animal is a peculiar one, and his haunts and habits deserve investigation. His appearance is so characteristic that there is no difficulty in recognizing him anywhere on the road. He is not distinguished by that superb serenity of demeanor, that faultless kit, that bran-new suit of flannel ditto, that ostentatious field-glass and well-lettered Alpen-stock which mark the veteran pedestrian of the Oberland. Rather he is to be seen on railway platforms, dusty and deliquescent, clinging like grim death to somebody else's carpet-bag, and jabbering a hopeless *patois* to some despairing guard. He wears none of the insignia of Alpine travel, for neither his purse nor his person are equal to the exactions of Swiss inns and glacier passes. When he reaches Interlaken and Lucerne he probably purchases an Alpen-stock, but not having been accustomed to the use of that weapon in Oxford Street, he soon lays it aside as a stupid foreign contrivance. But if he is unencumbered by knapsack or mountain boots, his daughters have, on the other hand, brought all their best gowns, and the provident mother has packed up all the school books, that the children may not dawdle away their time. The luggage charges which are the result, *paterfamilias* looks on as a special act of hostility towards England, and is, in consequence, half reconciled to the prospect of a French war. Long before he has reached his journey's end, his face is furrowed with lines of care which it never knew when his foot was on his native omnibus. His meditations during travel are equally sad, whether he looks forward or looks back. If he thinks of his morning's hotel bill he is all lamentation—if he dwells on the probable fate of his luggage he is all anxiety. His life is weary with looking for the dozen bags and bandboxes which his party

insist on taking into the carriage with them, and listening to their consoling reflections on his wisdom in coming abroad. Bed brings him no refreshment, for the bugs keep it up till sunrise, and then the inmates of the hotel yard commence a general conversation on men and things which seems to him inexhaustible. Dinner is very little better. He can get neither sheffy nor pale ale, and he has not seen a bit of a joint since he left Folkestone. But he is out for the purpose of enjoying himself, and he believes, with a touching sincerity, that he is doing it.

What bears him up, however, in the endurance of bugs and privations, is the feeling that he shall get to Switzerland at last, and that then there will be no more trouble. And in Switzerland, with whatever loss of temper or of bandboxes, the caravan duly arrives at last. Where to pitch his tabernacle is a matter of no little perplexity. He sees the snow-tipped peaks, but does not feel the slightest inclination to go among them, for he has a vivid recollection how slippery Holborn was after a snow-storm. Moreover, his daughters declare they hate walking up hill, and his wife is sure it must be drafty among those glaciers. Such hotels as the Schweizer-Hof are all very well for single men, but they would ruin a family man in a week; and he finds, to his despair, that in these barbarous countries there are no lodgings to be got by the week, as at Margate. So he has no alternative but to go into a *pension*—an institution which he is with some difficulty made to understand is not a school—either on one of the lakes, or in some valley of modest altitude, into which no perpetual snow ever ventures to intrude. The journey has its drawbacks. Coming from a country where begging is at least discouraged, and porters are dismissed if they are known to take a sixpence, he naturally looks upon the land as judicially given over to the plague of mendicants and porters. He can scarcely move a step along his road without having to buy off the importunities of some dirty, stalwart peasant, holding out his hand with a knowing grin. Wherever the pile of multifarious boxes enshrining the school books and the new dresses changes its conveyance, there are two armies of porters to be fee'd. This readiness to offer their services extends to the whole of this noble and independent people. His path seems lined with youthful peasants burning

to welcome him—some offering sour fruit, others yelling out in his honor mountain melodies of a most excruciating character, others pushing open light cattle-gates on his road, others volunteering an unasked-for shove to one or other of his brigade of porters, but all insisting with resolute importunity on a portion of his Swiss money in return.

At last, footsore, fleeced, and panting, having in the course of the ascent turned round to admire the landscape with a frequency quite puzzling to his wife on horseback, who knows his civic tastes, he leads his party into the *pension*. He has dreamed of this as a haven of repose, the end of all his watchings, all his labor, all his strife—a sweeter Gravesend, a lovelier Herne Bay. Rude is the shock by which his visions are dispelled. He is shown into a long corridor with a number of little doors, reminding him exactly of what he has seen at Millbank. Four or five of the doors are opened, and his party are packed into low, narrow cells, just long enough to admit two beds. He enters into the terrestrial paradise in which his month's outing is to be passed. It is carpetless, paperless, curtainless. There is no stove or fireplace, though there is a chilling mist on the valley which freezes the very marrow in his weary bones. He tries to shut the window, but he finds that the wooden partitions which divide his cell from those of his German neighbors have warped and split in the changing atmosphere to that extent that he can not only command an instructive view of all their proceedings, but also enjoy a full share of the fumes of the very equivocal tobacco which they are industriously smoking. To add to his miseries, he is convinced, by the most palpable evidence, that Switzerland has, as yet, produced no Chadwick. In despair he rushes up to what he is told is the *salon*—a square room, equally innocent of carpet, but boasting an ancient pianoforte in one corner, from whose wheezy chords an enthusiastic professor is trying to extract a sonata. But unluckily for our excursionist's repose, the foreigners are amusing themselves with a genial game, of which the principal excitement seems to consist in everybody rushing in suddenly, and occupying simultaneously all the chairs. As a last refuge, he takes his seat at the table of the dreary *table-d'hôte* room, and waits for supper. It would be heartless to dwell on

the agonies of that meal. We can better imagine than describe the horror with which his civic eyes glare at the gently-browned grease which they call soup, or the energy with which he attacks the waiter for having, as he thinks, given him vinegar instead of wine; and it is cruel to recall the gentle hints of his fair relatives as to who was the person who would insist, whatever anybody else could say, on bringing them to this nasty place. But sleep, he thinks, will be a balm to all his sufferings—sleep, in spite of chill mountain mists, and smoking Germans, and querulous female tongues, is still a solace left to all. Vain hope! As soon as the painful meal is ended, and the exigencies of digestion will permit, he returns to his cell, and inserts himself between the two feather-beds which do duty instead of bed-clothes. Scarcely has he closed his eyes when he is awakened by a din which, in his dreams, he at first imagines is a concert of infuriated hurdy-gurdies assembled to torment him in his native street. When, at last, he is fairly woke up, and stirs his stiff limbs with many a curse, to go and ask the meaning of the row, he is told that unfortunately a party of musicians have been belated in the valley, and, indignant at being refused admittance into the crowded *pension*, have taken this means of enforcing their demands. He retires in disgust, and gets to sleep again with difficulty. Almost immediately he is re-awakened by a noise of scarcely inferior calibre, which, on inquiry, he is informed is the daily start of such travellers as are enthusiastic enough—he thinks them only fit for Bedlam—to wish to see the sunrise from some neighboring peak.

Day follows day, and misery follows misery, perhaps in varying, but still unbroken stream. Our excursionist's purse is too light and his leave too scanty to suffer him to resume his wanderings. He is condemned to the delights of a Swiss *pension* till the time comes for him to turn back, humbled and woe-begone, to the less romantic comforts of Baker Street. True that before him and above him are outspread the glories of the grandest scenery the world can show, and that all his small discomforts would seem ridiculous to any real lover of the beautiful. But these glories are not for him. He has come to Switzerland, as two-thirds of his countrymen come, not to enjoy it, but to say that he has

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been there; and on all tourists of that temper Switzerland will most assuredly have its revenge. As he is journeying grumblingly home, and the wife of his bosom is conjugally improving the occasion by impressing upon him his many infirmities and her own invariable wisdom, will he permit us to add our mite of counsel to his class? Whoever wishes to enjoy Switzerland must make up his mind to sacrifice freely either his money or his com-

fort. If he has money, and does not mind spending it, he will do very well. If he is sufficiently hardy not to care for the small discomforts of the body in the presence of the highest pleasures of the mind, he will do still better. But if he, or those he is taking with him, have limited means and dainty habits, and are particular about their creature comforts, they had better leave Switzerland alone. They will enjoy Greenwich almost as much, even when the tide is coming up.

**THE PRAIRIES OF THE WEST.**—We all write and speak of the prairies of the West, but no man can have an idea of them, until he has seen them in all their variety in Illinois. The real prairie is at this season of the year an unbroken sea of green, and this great landscape grows majestic from its vast extent. Far as the eye can reach in every direction, boundless as the view at sea when the billows are hushed, not a tree or dwelling in sight, these prairies stretch away in their grandeur; and when the change comes, when a group of trees is seen, or a solitary dwelling fills the void, the effect is in no sense weakened. To us it was the most wondrous prospect upon which we had ever gazed, and as we glided on for hours with this unchanged and magnificent view before us, we wondered that the fashionable tide of travel did not set in this direction. As we passed along near one of the towns, we saw a large picnic party emerging from the open prairie with immense bouquets of prairie flowers, which bloom in great variety and beauty at this season. We saw no rose, but almost every variety of small flowers seen at the East, may be found here in a profusion which is wonderful.

The formation of these prairies is accounted for on various hypotheses; but the most natural and probable is the idea that they resulted from the deposits of water by which the land was ages ago covered. The clay and gravel which lie beneath have no peculiar qualities; but they are covered by a loam from twelve to thirty-six inches in depth, which is of inexhaustible fertility. It has been produced by the constant springing up and rotting down of prairie grass, which has been going on for ages. One of the most notable characteristics of the prairies is their destitution of vegetation, except in the multitude of rank grasses and flowers to which we have referred; but this is caused by the continual fires which sweep over the plains. Every fall these vast prairies are burned over, and when this is prevented by the settlement of the country, forests will spring up in great rapidity. There are at present no indications that the soil can be worn out. It requires no

manure, and will yield its crops so readily that the farming population pay too little attention to its proper cultivation. All over Illinois there are gross complaints of the careless manner in which agricultural operations are carried on; and so far as our observation extended the charge was substantiated. There are no barns anywhere, and the grain lies scattered about with unparalleled waste.—*Cor. Newark Mercury.*

**THE VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL.**—It was stated at the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the last pier of the Victoria Bridge, on the 13th ult., that during the six years which it will have taken to construct the Bridge more than three million cubic feet of limestone will have been placed in the twenty-four piers and the two abutments. The period in each year in which masonry could be laid is an average of one hundred days of ten hours each, so that five hundred thousand feet have been laid every summer, equal to five thousand feet a-day, or five hundred feet each hour. This is work unparalleled in the annals of masonry. Equally vigorous has been the progress in the erection of the ten thousand four hundred tons of iron of which the twenty-five tubes consist. Some of the foundations are placed on the solid rock which forms the bed of the St. Lawrence, thirty feet below its summer level, and in the midst of a current the speed of which is from seven to ten miles an hour. The whole of the mighty details connected with this gigantic work has been carried out according to the designs and instructions of Mr. R. Stephenson, by Mr. James Hodges, the engineer of Messrs. Peto and Co., the contractors. The information received from Canada this week leaves no doubt as to the completion of the bridge in November. Every great difficulty has been overcome, and the progress is now happily reduced to a mere question of amount of masonry that can be laid, and the number of tubes that can be riveted together during the next nine or ten weeks.—*Examiner, 10 Sept.*

From The Critic.

AN AMERICAN SURVEY OF THE BASIN OF LA PLATA.

*La Plata, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay: being a Narrative of the Exploration of the Tributaries of the River La Plata and adjacent Countries during the Years 1853, '54, '55, and '56 under the Orders of the U. S. Government.* By Thomas J. Page, U.S.N. London: Trübner and Co. Pp. 632.

THE American Expedition, under Lieutenant Page, for exploring the La Plata and adjacent rivers, with a view of ascertaining their capabilities for navigation, attracted much attention in Europe during its progress, and especially when, owing to some misunderstanding between General Lopez, the President of Paraguay, and the officers of the expedition, a gun was fired with fatal effect upon the American steamer *Water Witch*. To those who desire to know more of this matter, the handsome volume before us gives ample opportunity for doing so. The narrative is freely and unostentatiously told, relating the facts of the expedition in a quiet, business-like manner; the social sketches of life and manners in the different countries visited are lightly, and sometimes wittily sketched; and the notes upon natural history, the geology, flora, and fauna of those countries, with which the volume is plentifully stored, are evidently the work of a well-informed, cultivated mind.

Lieutenant Page relates that it was in 1851, upon his return from China, that the idea of surveying the La Plata waters, with a view of amending the very defective charts existing, was suggested to him. Acting upon the hint, he made application to Congress and the Navy Department, and, after some delay and demur about his inferior rank (proving that even in the States they are not altogether free from Red-Tapeism), the handy little steamer *Water Witch* was handed over to him, and he proceeded at once upon explorations extending over three thousand six hundred miles of water and four thousand four hundred miles of land.

It would be impossible for us to follow Lieutenant Page through all the six hundred and thirty-two pages of his narrative, culling from each whatever seemed interesting or novel. Almost every one of them contains something that may fairly be classed under

one of these heads. The book is sure to be perused by those who feel commercially or politically interested in this corner of the world, whose politics are not too well known among even the best-informed circles in this country. All that we propose to do, therefore, is to lay before our readers such little cabinet pictures of manners and adventure as seem best worth extracting from Lieutenant Page's large collection.

And first let us give a sketch, and a very lifelike one, of the manners of the celebrated Urquiza and family, who were conveyed by the *Water Witch* from Buenos Ayres to the province of Entre Rios:—

"I can well imagine that the deck of the *Water Witch* presented the appearance of a California steamer when the gold fever was at its height. Before we had become 'shaken down,' it seemed impossible that her expansive power could meet the requirements of her human freight. My little cabin had been arranged for the 'Provisional Director,' but, with becoming gallantry, he took a berth in the ward-room, yielding the claim of rank to the prerogative of 'woman's rights.' The wife of one of his generals, with her daughter, had for some months shared the dangers and discomforts of the besieging army, and they now sought the protection of our flag. The cabin was a wee bit of a 'sailor's snug harbor.' No crinolined lady could have found room in it for the amplitude of her skirts, but Senora ——— and her daughter, during the five days they were with us, made themselves comfortable within its narrow limits. The officers cordially united with me in yielding their berths to our guests; but so limited were the accommodations of the *Water Witch*, that the mess-table presented a continuous scene of 'fire and fall back,' and, though somewhat worsted in the attack, maintained its ground, and stood ready to meet each charge. I was much struck with General Urquiza's extreme temperance in eating and drinking, a habit acquired probably in his military career. At an early hour a negro servant took him his maté, and at noon he dined, using water as his only beverage. The remainder of the day he ate nothing. Our guests, notwithstanding the crowded state of the boat, seemed to enjoy themselves, and on the fifth day from their reception on board we reached the anchorage for Gualaguaychu, the pilot assuring us that beyond this we could not pass. Subsequently, when our surveys extended to this river, I discovered that we could have ascended to Concepcion del Uruguay, where General Urquiza wished to land."



The next personal sketch is of one not less celebrated in the history of these regions, Carlo Antonio Lopez, President of Paraguay:—

"A chair was placed (I presume purposely) at the table before him, and, slightly raising his hat, without rising, as I approached, he requested me to be seated, and to place my hat on the table, which I afterwards discovered was an act of condescension not to be too lightly esteemed. I showed him my commission from the President of the United States, of which he requested a copy, and explained to him the objects of the expedition under my command. This reception was very unlike the unpretending but courteous style of the Provisional Director of the Argentine Confederation. I afterwards learned, however, that it was the usual etiquette observed by the President of Paraguay on all official occasions to remain seated with his hat on. The higher the rank of the visitor, the more particular is he in this observance. Subsequently I had frequent interviews with him, and occasionally I have known him to relax somewhat, and even to take his hat off; a mark, I was assured, of extraordinary personal favor towards myself. He is about fifty-four, and has never been out of the confines of Paraguay, where, though ruling under the title of President, his authority is despotic and unquestioned. He is highly intelligent, well read, and familiar with the polity of foreign governments; he is also an accomplished, but, as I afterwards discovered, unscrupulous diplomatist."

The following account of a ball given by the Lord Chief Justice will serve to give an idea of Paraguayan manners:—

"The day concluded with a ball given by the Chief Justice, at which were present not only all the beauty and fashion of Asuncion, but the President and his family. Seats were especially prepared for them at one end of the room; that for his excellency was on a carpeted platform elevated about one foot above the floor. Opposite were rows of chairs for the matrons, who seemed to have attended for the sole purpose, and to find full occupation in watching their fair daughters; for the Spanish-American girls, like those of the European continent, are never seen, even by their lovers, out of the presence of mamma, or some matron to whom their care is delegated. Madam Lopez and her daughters were pleasing and ladylike; the latter, like all women of the country, extravagantly fond of dancing, but the ill health of the younger on this occasion deprived her of this enjoyment. At an early hour of the evening the

music suddenly ceased, and there was perfect silence. A tall personage—we were told that he was an LL.D.—moved to the centre of the room, made a profound bow, and then, with vigorous gesticulation and imposing solemnity of mien, delivered an address highly flattering to the chief magistrate of Paraguay, who received it with calm, unmoved countenance, and at its conclusion retired. The company, all standing, listened to this rather flowery effusion with gravity and respect; but as the door closed upon his excellency, dancing recommenced, and was kept up until the dawn of day."

At another ball given at Concepcion, the gallant lieutenant gained some insight into the saltatory powers of the native damsels:—

"We were invited on the first evening of our arrival to a ball at the commandante's, where were assembled all the beauty and distinction of the place. The floor of the ball-room was of tile, the lights tallow; indeed, there was little to meet a cosmopolitan standard of elegance, but the good breeding and native tact of the people made it an occasion of enjoyment to us all. There is no village or region of the earth so small or remote as not to have its 'upper ten.' The knowledge of this fact placed me in a dilemma. Being the 'Señor Commandante,' I was expected to select, as a partner for the waltz, the most distinguished lady present. When all looked alike, it was impossible to discriminate: a mistake would have been a national insult. In this quandary, I placed myself in the hands of the commandante, who dashed off to a formidable row of females at the upper end of the room, from whence he brought forth a parnter, assuring me she danced divinely. This I could not doubt, for what woman in Spanish America can't waltz, and waltz well? but was she one of a class so often found in this country, that 'never tires'? The music began; off we started, followed by the officers of the *Water Witch*, and all the belles and beaux of the town. Round and round, whirl and whirl!—'Bravo, Señor Commandante!'—the invariable exclamation of our host as we passed—began to sound faintly in my ear; on, on we flew; I no longer supported the lady; she carried me round. Was I about to realize the theory of perpetual motion? Sights and sounds were growing dim and confused, when, perhaps, aroused by the noisy 'bravo' of the commandante, I gathered my failing strength, broke away from the fair lady, and beat a retreat from the room. I was fairly danced down. When I returned after a few moments' absence, the señorita had found another partner, and was whirling again, looking as fresh and smiling as if just

beginning the dance. The refreshments consisted of cakes, red wine, *caña*, and, above all, the important and refreshing *maté*."

The *maté* is a kind of Paraguayan tea, highly spoken of by Lieutenant Page.

At Asuncion on the Paraguay, near which is the residence of Lopez, the experiences of Lieutenant Page gave him a very favorable idea of the social manners of the people:—

"At the capital, and indeed at all the river towns of La Plata, a pretty custom prevails among the *señoritas*, of presenting every visitor with flowers. Their gardens may not display a large collection, but if they produce but a single sprig of sweet odor it is given to the first comer. In calling at different houses in the course of the afternoon, the visitor would accumulate quite a number of bouquets, did he not learn from experience that, to save himself from a broadside of graceful reproaches, it would be advisable to conceal or part with the flowers of *Señorita Maria* before entering the presence of *Señorita Thérèse*. Each lady must suppose that she is the sole object of the afternoon's homage. We were invariably offered refreshments, either *maté* or English ale, which is very popular among the Paraguayans, and throughout the river towns—or the *panales*, a very refreshing domestic drink, made of the white of eggs and sugar beaten together, and formed into cakes of a cylindrical shape, looking like a delicate honeycomb. A little negro presents the visitor with a plate of these, always with a glass of water; the *panales* immersed in the water dissolves immediately, and affords a simple but delicious beverage. The servant after offering this goes out, but soon returns with the *brasero*—a small brass vessel containing a few coals of fire—and a plate of cigars. This last hospitality is offered in every house, however humble its pretensions in other respects; and all men, women, and children—delicate, refined girls, and young masters who would not with us be promoted to the dignity of pantaloons—smoke with a gravity and gusto that is irresistibly ludicrous to a foreigner. My son sometimes accompanied me in these visits, and was always greatly embarrassed by the pressing offer of cigars. I made his excuse by saying, 'Smoking is a practice we consider injurious for children.' 'Si, señor,' the Paraguayan would reply, 'with all other tobacco, but not with that of Paraguay.' On no occasion, while in Asuncion, were we invited to 'dine out,' or take tea; and dinners by invitation, or meals taken socially with other families, are unknown. I had frequently visitors while at breakfast, but never could prevail on one to join me at table. The Paraguayans

rise early, take *maté* and cigars, then visit or transact business during the cool of the morning. At midday they dine, then retire for a *siesta*, during which the streets are deserted, every store and dwelling is closed, and a profound stillness reigns through the town. After a few hours the houses are re-opened, cigars and *maté* are again served, and each one goes to his daily vocation. Riding, visiting, or walking occupies the time from sundown till nine o'clock, when supper finishes the labors and enjoyments of the day."

Happy land, where women are so graceful and so gentle, where luscious fruits abound, and where medical men are unknown. "In all Paraguay," says the lieutenant, "I have not yet met a medical man." Part of this marvellous salubrity may perhaps arise from the fact that certain of the rivers are medicated. Upon the banks of the river Negro, near Mercedes, *sarsaparilla* grows in such abundance that it "discolors the waters, and imparts to them at the same time such medicinal properties, that invalids resort to Mercedes for the benefit of their curative powers." How "Old Dr. Jacob Townshend" would have revelled in such a stream! Nor is this healthiness confined to those of white blood; the aboriginal Indians apparently enjoy the greatest share of it. Upon the banks of the Chaco the expedition fell in with some specimens of Chaco Indians, of whom he testifies:—

"The most extraordinary accounts are given by the Jesuits of the size, strength, and vigor of the warlike Chaco Indians. I have alluded to the *Abipones*, a few of whom, in a semi-civilized state, we saw near Santa Fé. Dobrizhoffer speaks of them as a nation of *Masais*. 'If,' says the author, 'a man dies at eighty, he is lamented as if cut off in the flower of his age.' He mentions men of a hundred mounting fiery horses like boys of twelve years; and adds, 'Women generally live longer than men, because they are not killed in war.' He proceeds to account for this longevity without physical decay, and their organization, 'muscular,' 'robust,' and 'agile,' which he ascribes somewhat to climatic influence, but still more to the instinctive avoidance by youth, both males and females, of licentious courses, and to temperance through life in food and all sensual gratification. What Tacitus says of the ancient Germans he applies to them: '*Cibi simplices, agrestia poma, recens fera, aut lac concretum, sine apparatu, sine blandimentis expellunt famem.*' Azara, who wrote many years after the Styrian Jesuit, in speaking of *Lenguas*

Mbayas, and other warlike tribes, says, 'Their height, the grandeur and elegance of their forms, and their proportions are not equalled in the world. He refers constantly to Indians, vigorous, athletic, and possessing perfect hair and teeth, who had numbered several years over a century. A cacique of the Mbayas, Nabidigua, six feet two inches high, was, in 1794, asked his age. He replied, 'I do not know; but when the cathedral in Asuncion was begun, I was married and had a son.' This cathedral was built in 1689, and, supposing the cacique to have been fifteen at the time of his marriage, he must have been, in 1794, one hundred and twenty years old, and yet he then 'mounted his horse, handled his lance, went into war, or followed the chase with the youngest.'"

It was in January, 1856, that the *contretemps* occurred which led to the *Water Witch* being fired into from Fort Itapiru, on the river Parana. Lieutenant Page was not on board at the time, or he is inclined to believe that "the affair would never have taken place," an admission which is at least suggestive of some amount of blame due to his representative. Disputes had already arisen between Lopez and the expedition as to the license which the Americans had used in exceeding the privileges granted to them, and they ought, therefore, to have been very careful in their dealings with a government evidently very jealous of its own dignity and importance. Lieutenant Page contends that no unjustifiable trespass was committed, and gives a chart of the river, side by side with one furnished by Lopez to the United States Government, and which he calls a "fanciful one," to prove that such was the case. It is clear, however, that the Paraguayans were of opinion that a trespass had been committed, and it is not likely that they would wish to incur causelessly the wrath of such a power as the United States. The following is Lieutenant Page's account of the transaction, as derived from the report of his *locum tenens*, Lieutenant Jeffers:—

"The steamer had a native pilot on board, who was as well acquainted with the river as the wood-cutters of Apipé, or the orange dealers along the shores of Corrientes usually are. Lieutenant Jeffers had advanced but a short distance above the junction of the Parana and Paraguay, plotting the work as he progressed, when, from very deep water, the vessel was run upon a sand-bank in six feet water, the lead at the gangway indicating no material change in the depth. While in the act

of getting the steamer afloat, a boat came alongside from a fort on the Paraguay shore, where was a flag-staff, but with no flag flying, and presented a paper to Lieutenant Jeffers, who returned it to the messenger, informing him that he did not read Spanish. This, with the substitution of the word 'Spanish' for 'English,' was President Lopez's reply to my communication in behalf of Americans in Asuncion. He observed some bustle and activity at the port, and, to be prepared for any emergency, put the vessel in the best state of defence he could, but scarcely admitting even to himself the possibility of attack. She was got afloat, and on asking the pilot where lay the channel he unhesitatingly said that it was near the Paraguay shore; but he had supposed the river high enough to enable the *Water Witch* to pass over the shoals near the left bank, and made the attempt without informing the commanding officer. The pilot, like many other Argentines of the same class, looked upon Paraguay as a semi-civilized country, and was anxious to put a great distance between the *Water Witch* and Fort Itapiru. He was ordered to change the course of the vessel, and the nature of the work was again intelligibly explained to him, that he might understand the importance of keeping her in mid channel, regardless of its vicinity to the Paraguay shore, or whether or not there was water enough outside of it. I beg to call especial attention to the two drawings of the river at this point—the fancy sketch sent by President Lopez to our government, and one from the actual survey. I do not hesitate to assert that they never would be recognized as representing the same locality. When the *Water Witch* was within close shot, two or three blank cartridges were fired from the fort in quick succession, followed by a *shot*. At what part of the vessel it was aimed I can only judge from President Lopez's despatch to our State Department, where he magnanimously says it was directed so as to 'pass ahead.' If so, it struck wide of the mark, and was unfortunately effective; for it passed through the after port, cut away the wheel, and killed the helmsman. Lieutenant Jeffers had disregarded the blank cartridges, and up to this time had withheld his fire. Indeed, his means of defence, with three howitzers—one 24-pounder and two 12-pounders—were small against a brick or stone fort. But when this shot came, he returned it as rapidly as the reduced number of officers and crew, and the disabled condition of the helm, would admit. The accuracy of the fire was seen in cutting away the flag-staff, and in the shrapnell grazing the low wall; for the guns were mounted *en barbette*. We learned afterward that several Paraguayans were killed; some re-

ports said eleven, others fifteen. The *Water Witch* was struck ten times, but the first was the only shot that did any execution, though we learned that the firing from the fort was directed by a person formerly of the French navy, who had entered the service of Paraguay."

Now it is clear from this very story, first, that a communication was received on board from the fort, containing, in all probability, a warning not to go near the Paraguay shore, but which was returned upon the pretext that Lieutenant Jeffers did not understand Spanish; and, secondly, that the appearance of preparation in the fort itself was regarded as indicative that "an emergency" was possible. How, then, can the Americans complain that they were taken by surprise? It is apparent, however, that neither the commander of the American squadron at La Plata, nor the home government, were inclined to adopt Lieutenant Page's view; for, when he chivalrously demanded a ship of war, or, at the least, a few guns, to blow the fort of Itapiru to pieces, he was not permitted to have either of these luxuries, much to his disgust, and was rather unceremoniously ordered back again to his legitimate work. Did our government take example of this, and refuse to consider the punishment of a trespass by an Englishman upon the rights of foreigners as "an insult to the British flag," we might occasionally be spared the shame and degradation, if not a few rather discreditable wars.\*

Occasionally these adventures were diversified by a sporting episode. Here is one, giving singular testimony to the extraordinary courage of the South-American tiger:—

"In descending we shot a magnificent

\* The reviewer has not heard of our Paraguay war! Would that nobody had!—*Living Age*.

jaguar—the largest I have ever seen, measuring from its nose to the root of the tail five feet two inches. He was walking on the left bank, doubtless bound on a fishing excursion. Instead of escaping inland when he saw us, he dashed into the river, as if to swim to the opposite shore; midway the stream he suddenly turned, as if to battle with the steamer. Several men came forward, eager to have a shot at the enemy, who approached rapidly, apparently undaunted by the appearance or noise of crew or vessel, and snarling as if impatient to make an end of us. Anxious to secure it as a specimen, and of course with as little mutilation as possible, I directed the men to wait for the word 'fire,' giving the first chance to Kelly, the best shot on board. I told him to lodge the ball 'abaft' the ear. He raised his musket, took deliberate aim, and fired. The huge creature floundered in the water, and when the men in the boat reached him a minute or two later he was not quite dead, but bleeding profusely, and so far gone as to be harmless. With a ship's musket, and a charge of 'buck and ball,' Kelly had secured one of the finest specimens of the South-American tiger, perhaps, ever seen in the United States. The skin was carefully preserved in salt, and sent home, where it arrived in good condition, and may be seen in the collection at the Smithsonian Institute."

The latter portion of the book is principally taken up with the past history of these countries, their early occupation by the Spanish and Portuguese, and the fluctuating fortunes of the Jesuits during their residence there. Into these reminiscences we cannot, however, follow the author now; but must content ourselves with recommending this volume to the attention of all who desire to have a very admirable account of these fertile regions. There is an excellent map appended to the book; but the engravings, though numerous, might have been better executed.

**QUAILS.**—One of the prettiest of our American birds is the quail, and, although not very musical, its notes are clear, thrilling and pleasant. With any thing like decent treatment, quails become semi-domesticated, though never entirely so, and add not only in beauty, but in real value to the farm; for they are not grain-eaters, but immense insect-destroyers; and a farmer should no more permit a quail to be destroyed about his premises than he should his domestic poultry—in fact, not as much, for it

may be necessary to kill off the surplus, to eat or sell, to save the expense of winter feeding. But that is not the case with quails; and even should they increase to such extent as to require a little grain to sustain them through the deep snows, they will pay back all the cost of keeping in the spring. A flock of quails in your garden or vine-patch would be the most effectual remedy for striped bugs that could be applied, and then the remedy costs nothing.—*Tribune*.



From The Press.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

It may be said of the present emperor of the French what was said of a less illustrious personage, that he is the "best abused man living." One can scarcely run over the columns of a newspaper without reading very severe animadversions on the emperor, dark suspicions of his designs, ominous forebodings of his future action and policy. We are none of his partisans, nor have we any interest to promote in praising him, nor any peril to fear beyond the arrest of *The Press*, on its touching the confines of Paris, should we speak of him more freely than he likes. But it is not necessary to be unjust to him in order to stir up our government to do its duty to the nation.

Napoleon is not the dishonest despot of the *Times*, nor the coarse vagabond of the *Morning Advertiser*, nor the Antichrist of Mr. Frere. We may speak of him with courtesy, and still not be off our guard. We may treat him as the sovereign of a great and gallant nation, and yet not forget his memorable programme or his *Idées Napoléoniennes*, and the not very re-assuring relation of both to England. Abusive language toward so powerful a ruler indicates an undercurrent of alarm, not conscious strength. It is so construed in France, and, on this account, apart from other considerations, we regret it. Firm, patient, and steady preparation for all contingencies, by the organization of a navy without comparison and beyond comparison, is our instant, wise, and patriotic course. This alone is worthy of England. Daily showers of abuse on the sovereign of another country are not necessary to a just and unsparing reprehension of what we see is wrong in his policy or unfair in his dealings. Nor does it prove the liberty of the press that we can write vituperative articles. It rather proves its license, and retards instead of facilitating its adoption in other nations. We have a strong suspicion, we candidly admit, that the line of policy which Mazzini—a writer and politician we have very small sympathy with—asserts to have been settled at Plombières may be a skeleton which a few years will fill up; viz., the dismemberment of Eastern Europe, Russia to have Constantinople, France the Mediterranean for a French lake, and war with England. Let it be so. Let us rebuke the

scheme of imperializing Europe in terms of severe reprehension. Let us make ready to meet the combined assault whenever and wheresoever it approaches our shores. Let us warn any aggressor, however powerful, that his presumption will cost him his fleet—probably his throne. But let us leave to cowards the policy of scurrility and abuse. It befits not great England.

Let us weigh the emperor. Napoleon is a man of vast genius, of extensive reading, and accustomed to habits of intense and profound thought. His mind lives on political and dynastic calculations. The map and the history of Europe are his constant companions; the footprints of his uncle the shining guide-posts in his future; France his god, and glory his worship. He is a man of one idea—the man that is sure therefore to be felt; a monomaniac, were his mind feeble; a force all but irresistible with such an intellect as he possesses. He inherits or has imbibed from his uncle an idea of his destiny, fixed and inevitable, far beyond the predestination of the sternest old Puritan—an idea analogous to the fatalism of the Turk. He is therefore fearless—daring and impetuous in action—his own personal safety or danger not entering into his head. Nor is he less studious at home. He calculates and schemes in his study with the ever-present belief that whatever he resolves he can actualize. He may err in all this—his destiny may be a dream—but he is therefore strong. His fatalism is strength, and consequently, oftener than is supposed, success. He can be no ordinary man who is the thought in every cabinet, the talk of every coterie, the only emperor in Europe whose shadow is on every nation and his name the topic of domestic conversation under every roof.

It does seem remarkable that a name that half a century ago had so portentous significance should again come up in all the freshness of its first noon! Its reproduction must have some great purpose. What it is we shall live to learn.

Our readers will perhaps pardon the introduction of some lines on Napoleon I., which in delineating with unrivalled power and splendor the career of the uncle, embody also some foreshadowings of the aspirations, ends, and passion of the nephew:—

"Napoleon! Years ago, and that great word,  
 Confessed of human breath in haste and dread  
 And exultation, skied us overhead—  
 An atmosphere whose lightning was the sword  
 Scathing the cedars of the world, drawn down  
 In burnings by the metal of a crown.

"Napoleon! Nations, while they cursed that  
 name,  
 Shook at their own curse; and while others  
 bore  
 Its sound as of a trumpet on before,  
 Brass-fronted legions justified its fame,  
 And dying men on trampled battle-sods  
 Near their last silence uttered it for God's.

"That name consumed the silence of the snows  
 In Alpine keeping, holy and cloud-hid.  
 The mimic eagle dared what Nature's did,  
 And overrushed her mountainous repose  
 In search of cyries, and the Egyptian river  
 Mingled the same word with its grand 'for-  
 ever.'

"The world's face changed to hear it. Kingly  
 men

Came down in chidden babes' bewilderment  
 From autocratic places—each content  
 With sprinkled ashes for anointing. Then  
 The people laughed or wondered for the nonce  
 To see one throne a composite of thrones.

"Blood fell like dew beneath his sunrise—  
 sooth!

But glittered dewlike in the covenanted  
 And high-rayed light. He was a tyrant.  
 Granted.

But the *avro* of his autocratic mouth  
 Said yea in the people's French. He magnified  
 The image of the freedom he denied.

"And if they asked for rights, he made reply,  
 'Ye have my glory;' and so, drawing round  
 them

His ample purple, glorified and bound them  
 In an embrace that seemed identity,  
 He ruled them like a tyrant, true, but none  
 Were ruled like slaves. Each felt Napoleon."

*The Burns Centenary Poems.* Selected and  
 Edited by George Anderson and John Finlay.  
 London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

THIS collection contains poems by Gerald  
 Massey, Stanvan Bigg, Mrs. Norton, Mr. Cay-  
 ley, and Mr. Millais, to which the public have  
 probably referred with some interest and curios-  
 ity. On the whole, however, we must say that,  
 as far as this collection is concerned, the award  
 of the judges is sustained. Mr. Massey's verses,  
 though full of fine thoughts, are harsh and un-  
 musical, and not sufficiently appropriate. The  
 latter defect is also the one most conspicuous in  
 Mr. Bigg's otherwise meritorious performance.  
 The following lines are some of the best in the  
 entire collection:—

"And in his verse we hear her wild winds moan,  
 The rapid rustle of her brooks, and roll  
 Of her rude rivers, as they dash and foam  
 In tawny fury round the shepherd's home."

Mrs. Norton's poem is written in heroics, a  
 measure of which she is not mistress, and it is  
 besides too vague and pointless for the object  
 with which it was composed. Mr. Cayley's  
 poem, and that of Mr. Millais, possess nothing  
 to distinguish them from the mass of contribu-  
 tions. Among the remaining poems we have  
 discovered none equal to Miss Craig's; but in  
 saying this we must add an expression of regret  
 that no simpler, manlier, and juster portraiture  
 of the poet was elicited by "the celebration."  
 Burns was habitually guilty of drunkenness and  
 fornication. No fine words can disguise that  
 fact. We may express the result of these propen-  
 sities by saying that "his regal vestments  
 were soiled, and his crown of half its jewels  
 spoiled," if we like. That is a question of taste.  
 But such is not the puny, finicking way to do

justice to a grand human being like Burns.  
 No allusion at all should, in our opinion, have  
 been made to these faults—"a man's a man for  
 a' that." But if they were mentioned at all, it  
 should have been in a totally different manner,  
 and not under a mass of unmeaning imagery  
 about crowns and jewels.—*The Press.*

A PICTURE OF CADIZ LIFE.—You dine in a  
 parlor which looks to the Plaza, but runs back  
 very deep into the house; and the table is placed  
 so as to command the central marble-paved  
 court round which all the rooms ran, and to  
 have a view of every one who comes into the  
 house; the door of the room is open, and very  
 often the mistress has something to say to those  
 who pass. Before dinner is well over, callers  
 begin to drop in, and perhaps sit down to table  
 and take some sweets; then all adjourn to the  
 window, and take seats looking into the square,  
 on a level with the foot-passengers. Yesterday  
 three ladies came in, a mother with two young  
 daughters, both pretty, and smart specimens of  
 Andalusian belles. The two señoritas perched  
 themselves in the corners of the window-sill, and  
 we señors sat round. The dialogue of the ladies,  
 though I did not half understand it, amused me  
 excessively, a loud, eager, staccato talk, rat-  
 tled out with prodigious haste, and yet with  
 firmness and precision; as if any one had been  
 running up and down stairs in patters; and it  
 seemed to be pretty much cut into lengths, each  
 delivering herself, as if of so many couplets,  
 and then another taking up the conversation in  
 the same way—heads, hands, and fans all work-  
 ing and helping the argument. They were dis-  
 cussing the moral of "Don Juan Tenorio."—  
*Letters from Spain.*

From The Economist.

*To Cuba and Back.* A Vacation Voyage.  
By Richard Henry Dana, Jun. Smith, Elder, and Co., 65 Cornhill.

It was while the Thirty Millions Bill was pending in the American Legislature, that Mr. Dana resolved to see with his own eyes the land so greedily coveted by many amongst his countrymen, and to acquire, by personal observation, some idea as to the desirability of the proposed purchase. His book, therefore, will probably be more immediately interesting to American than to English readers; yet (irrespective of any questions with which Cuba has become complicated through that restless desire in the United States for extension of territory, against which her best and truest counsellors warn her in vain) there is much in this rich, varied, and fertile island to repay the winter tourist, or the reader who may follow in the footsteps of one so able, sensible, and entertaining, as the author of "Two Years before the Mast."

"To Cuba and Back" again to New York only occupied one month. The literary result of so short a tour could scarcely be otherwise than slight and sketchy in form, and limited in range. Still, from a portion of a country noticed with accuracy and described with spirit, we may form no bad notion of the whole; and the writer is careful to impress upon his readers the fact that he has seen but a part; and that on the great subjects of slavery, the degeneracy of the creole race, and the probable future of Cuba, he can give them but data for consideration and not a matured judgment.

As a Northerner, and averse to slavery, Mr. Dana is decidedly hostile to any plan for including Cuba within the Union. At the same time he sees clearly enough the evil of the present state of things in that island,—where a narrow-minded and corrupt court rules despotically over a distant colony, whose real interests it has not at heart, and whose people it systematically keeps down with an iron hand. Cuba lives under martial law,—its captain-general, under an order dated May 29, 1825, is "invested with the whole extent of power which by the royal ordinances is granted to the governors of besieged towns." All official posts are held by "Spaniards," in contradistinction to men born in the island, who, as a rule, are excluded not only from all government duties and places of authority,

but even from the ranks of the army. The press and theatre are under strict censorship, and private life is inconvenienced by a hundred petty restrictions, not always, it is true, very rigorously enforced. Among others there is a regulation that no one shall entertain a stranger for a night without giving notice to the magistrate. Galling as this petty despotism must be, it meets with no opposition beyond some murmurs from those it controls; while the exclusion from every field of activity or source of power but what is comprised in the making and spending of money, fosters all the worst and most frivolous parts of a national character, at best but frivolous and self-indulgent. There is little prospect, Mr. Dana thinks, of any internal improvement arising either from the government or from the people; while any nation that undertakes to improve Cuba from without, should "take a bond from fate." "Besides her internal danger and difficulties, Cuba is implicated externally in every cause of jealousy and conflict. She has been called the key to the Gulf of Mexico; but the Gulf of Mexico cannot be locked. Whoever takes her is more likely to find in her the key to Pandora's box."

Mr. Dana left New York in the ice, snow, and mud of winter, and in six days found himself under the balmy skies and sighting the luxuriant shores of Cuba. The first thing that strikes him is the fine situation of Havana, between "the beetling Morro and the Punta," its houses "running down to the coral edge of the ocean," "the fertile, undulating land rising to high hills as it recedes" behind it. The next, is the wretched accommodation of the hotels. Here, half-furnished rooms where bells are dispensed with as an unnecessary refinement, and the two or three half-grown, half-washed lads who attend to the chamber department have to be shouted for, generally in vain; where bedsteads frail to look at, and without bed or mattress or any thing but a sacking to cover them; a small far from clean apparatus for washing, destitute of soap or towels; a few rickety chairs, and a grated unglazed window, into which the horses put their heads if it chance to look towards the court, or the passers-by gaze through if it abuts upon the street,—offer but sorry accommodation after the splendid and luxurious hotels of New York. However the night is got over somehow or other, and with the morning comes the bath (round the corner

of the next street, it is true, though nominally within the hotel) and breakfast.

"Here is a scene so pretty as quite to make up for the defects of the chambers. The restaurant, with cool marble floor, walls twenty-five feet high, open rafters, painted blue, great windows open to the floor and looking into the Paseo, and the floor nearly on a level with the street, a light breeze fanning the thin curtains; the little tables, for two or four, with clean white cloths, each with its pyramid of great red oranges and its fragrant bouquet; the gentlemen in white pantaloons, and jackets, and white stockings, and the ladies in fly-away muslins, and hair in the sweet neglect of the morning toilet, taking their leisurely breakfast of fruit and claret and omelette! and Spanish mixed dishes (ollas) and café noir. How airy and ethereal it seems!"

A drive through the narrow and picturesque streets, among sights and sounds especially attractive to an American from their contrast to those of his own cities, seated in one of the conveyances peculiar to the country—"a pair of very long, limber shafts, at one end of which is a pair of huge wheels, and at the other end a horse with his tail braided and brought over and tied to the saddle, an open chaise body resting on the shafts, about one-third of the way from the axle to the horse, and on the horse a negro in large postilion boots, long spurs, and a bright jacket. It is an easy vehicle to ride in, but it must be a sore burden to the beast,"—completes the favorable impression of Havana by daylight, and helps to obliterate the recollection of an uneasy night.

A curious feature of Havana is its provision for safety in bathing. The shore swarms with sharks to such a degree as to make open sea-bathing impossible. To remedy this, square rooms have been cut out in the rock which bounds the coast, steps lead down into these, and the waves wash in and out through two portholes; the water stands from three to five feet deep, and space enough is allowed for short swimming. The top and land side are screened in, but an open view is left on the side towards the sea. These baths are marked respectively for men, women, and colored people; and there are three sets in different parts of the town.

The following etiquette of society is, we think, peculiar to Cuba. We do not remem-

ber to have met with it in any other Spanish colony:—

"There is one strange custom observed here in all the houses. In the chief room, rows of chairs are placed facing each other, three or four or five in each line, and always running at right angles with the street wall of the house. As you pass along the street you look up this row of chairs. In these the family and their visitors take their seats, in formal order. As the windows are open, deep, and large, with wide gratings and no glass, one has the inspection of all the front parlors of Havana, and can see what every lady wears and who is visiting her."

It is also a strict rule that ladies and gentlemen should sit on the opposite sides of this row. And deviation from this custom on a lady's part indicates either great intimacy or boldness. Private intercourse in Havana seems to be pretty much under public surveillance.

From Havana Mr. Dana made an excursion to Matanzas, and up the country to a sugar plantation of considerable extent. His visit chanced to be during the season of extreme activity—the four months of the sugar harvest—when the negroes work in relays day and night, the furnaces are never extinguished, and the huge coppers perpetually boil. On this plantation seven hours and a half were allowed for sleep and food; but in general five and a half are all that is granted, out of four and twenty of exhausting toil. In this "ingenio," too, the women with infants, the very young and very old were excused from the sugar house; and women were altogether exempted from the lash, which, indeed, was seldom used, even on the men; but Mr. Dana is far from drawing, from one instance, a conclusion as to the general good treatment of slaves in Cuba. The contrary is probably the more frequent case; but, in spite of all accounts of the dreadful aspect that slavery assumes in that island, it is certain that one negro out of every four is free; that the laws favor manumission, fix the price at which a slave can ransom himself from even an unwilling master, and attend to his interests when he is liberated. Creoles are not admitted into the army, yet it possesses a regiment of free blacks. It would almost seem as if the government held in the black population a weapon "in terror" over its white subjects. Any slave



who desires it can force his master to sell him. In this provision alone, if enforced, he has an immense advantage over his fellow slave in the Southern States of America; and the fact that it is not the slave-holders who administer the laws, gives him a fair chance of their being enforced in his behalf.

On the whole, we should infer that, in spite of any (if there be any) greater tyranny on the part of the master in Cuba than in the

United States, the position of slave is, on the whole, more advantageous in the former than in the latter.

We cannot follow Mr. Dana further into his interesting inquiries into the condition of the population, both white and colored, of their wealth, and its great if not sole source—the sugar cultivation. He has collected many valuable facts from reliable quarters, and has refrained wisely from building up any theories of his own.

**FATAL ACCIDENT TO A TOURIST.**—A correspondent at Zermatt communicates the following particulars of a fatal accident which occurred to a Russian gentleman named Edouard de Grotte. It appears that in descending from the top of the Weisssthor Pass, instead of turning to the left and taking the usual route along the Gorner Glacier to the Riffelberg, he descended by the Findelen Glacier, which slopes from the pass directly down into the valley of Zermatt, and affords a shorter, though much more perilous, route to the town than the Gorner Glacier. The traveller and two guides were fastened together by a rope, the traveller being in the middle; the rope was tied round his body, but was not, as it should have been, tied round the guides also; it was only held on the left arm of each by a large loose loop. In this way they passed safely over the greater part of the glacier, and were within a few minutes of leaving it altogether, when they came to a large patch of snow, which the guides, according to their own account, proposed to pass round, but which the traveller insisted on crossing. Accordingly the first guide crossed it in safety. The traveller—who was a fine, powerful man—then followed him, but when he had reached the middle the snow gave way under his feet and he sank into a hidden *crevasse*. Having no Alpenstock, he could not break his fall in the usual way, by holding it across the chasm, and so his whole weight was thrown with a sudden jerk upon the rope, which broke instantly upon both sides of the *crevasse*, down which the unfortunate man consequently fell. His voice was soon heard calling for assistance, which the guides were not skilful enough to render; the *crevasse* was a peculiar one, being narrow at the top, and widening downwards for some distance, after which it narrowed again till its sides met—a depth of about two hundred feet. This circumstance rendered it impossible to reach him without a rope; he appeared to be

about sixty feet from the top, wedged between the sides of the *crevasse*; and they had no rope excepting the two ends that had remained with them, of about a yard each, so they determined that one of them should go to the nearest *chalet*—a two hours' walk—for ropes. The idea of trying to make a rope by cutting up their coats and shirts, and especially their leather knapsacks, seems most unaccountably never to have occurred to them. Thus the unfortunate M. de Grotte received no assistance for four hours, during which he frequently spoke to the guide above; he was, he said, in a sloping position, with his head lower than his feet, and with his right arm free, but he was constantly sinking lower. After three hours the flow of blood to his head, and the intense cold, had very much weakened him; he spoke seldom, saying only that he was being frozen to death. At last, after four hours, the guide returned from the Findelen *chalet* with assistance; the rope was lowered, but was found to be twelve feet too short to reach him. Now it will scarcely be credited, but it is a fact, that when the rope was found to be too short nothing more was done, but men were sent for more ropes to Zermatt, a distance of four hours, so that the unhappy man was condemned by the helpless clowns above him to pass eight hours more in his icy prison. He had endured the most dreadful agony, for at first, the warmth of his body dissolving the ice next him, caused him to sink lower; but as the vital heat departed the cold gradually regained its superiority, so that he was frozen in tightly between the walls of ice, which, as their wetted surfaces congealed and slightly expanded towards each other, crushed him between them with irresistible force. About the end of the fifth hour the poor man died. The correspondent who sends this account is of opinion that the explanations of the guides as to the breaking of the rope, etc., are unsatisfactory, and that a more thorough inquiry ought to be made.

From The Saturday Review, 10 Sept.  
CHURCH'S "HEART OF THE ANDES."

It does not need a prophet to arise and point to the west in order to proclaim in what direction we may look for a young and vigorous school of art. Those who scan the horizon augur a great art future for America, and we regard with peculiar interest the harbingers of that new school which we anticipate. It would be impossible to predict the direction which it may take, as there are too few works of American artists known in this country to justify any opinion on the subject. We know the reputation gained by the Transatlantic sculptors who have studied in Rome: but we knew positively nothing of American pictures beyond a few landscapes which found their way across the Atlantic, when, last year, Mr. Church's fine picture of the "Falls of Niagara" showed that art was not limited to Europe, and that it was not necessary for genius to study in any school but that of nature. It would be superfluous to do more than allude to a picture which was generally seen, and which was fully acknowledged as a great achievement. Mr. Church's was an unexampled and marvellous treatment of water. If he failed to give all the beauty of color, he succeeded in rendering the motion of water—its endless variety, its weight and irresistible force—with the intense truth that only genius can attain. Here was a young artist who had mastered one of the very greatest difficulties of landscape art—representation of water in motion; and so perfect was the rainbow spanning the Falls, that at first sight it appeared an optical delusion rather than a creation of the painter. It seemed a ray of light reflecting on the picture the prismatic color of the glass through which it passed. The line of low, distant landscape and sky was, we remember, less satisfactorily treated. Great was the expectation Mr. Church aroused when he sent a second picture to be engraved in England; for, it may be observed, it is only in the way of business that we have a chance of seeing his works.

The "Heart of the Andes" is now shown by Messrs. Day and Son, in the German Gallery, in Bond Street, with all the pomp and circumstance always attending works exhibited separately and with a special object. If no one had recorded on canvas such a mighty scene of water as the Falls of Niagara, we have all seen mountains nobly drawn, and so

have a standard to judge by. Here we may say that it is not to be assumed that the elevation and size of a mountain proportionally increase the difficulties which an artist has to surmount, and therefore there is as great merit in truthfully rendering the Alps as the Andes. Mr. Church's picture is a panorama on a vast scale. It does not impress one at first sight, and it is only by examination that full justice will be done to the remarkable qualities it exhibits. The spot selected is on the equator, several miles from Quito. The artist is supposed to be on high ground. A river, which has broken over rocks, flows beneath him, and on either side are bold groups of trees, detached from the forest, which has its glades, secret streams, luxuriant vegetation all brought out; whilst in the foreground are bright flowering shrubs in full bloom—crimson passion-flowers and other creepers tangling around the trunks of trees, in the branches of which we see brilliant tropical birds. Beyond this dexterous and elaborate detail lies a tract of country—hill, dale, village, lake, and waterfall being given with great care. For miles the eye sweeps on with the plains to the great chain of mountains which grow out of the distance, and rise grandly towards the sky, rearing peak above peak till they are lost in the clouds, beyond which the region of eternal snow tells white against the blue sky. Two small figures before a little cross near the foreground enable one to estimate the vast scale of this grand panorama. There must be something bold in the heart of a man who sits down deliberately to paint such scenes, but for all this Mr. Church has not the pure feeling for mountain gloom and mountain glory. It is not necessary to have seen a particular mountain to recognize the general truth of its portraiture; so in the American artist's mountains we do not doubt the exactitude of the outline, but we miss the delicate, subtle hand that would have lingered tenderly in tracing the detail of spur and cleft, and, in spite of the snow, following the articulation of what has been called the skeleton of the mountain. A blurred sketch of Welsh hills, by David Cox, seizes on the mind, and has more of the true elements of grandeur than Mr. Church's ten feet of panoramic view of some of the highest mountains in the world.

A certain mastery of manipulation Mr. Church undoubtedly has, but whether he is in

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the highest sense a great artist we are not yet prepared to decide. The "Heart of the Andes" exhibits his versatility rather than increases his reputation. The local color of American scenery is new to us; yet, arguing from what we know, the proofs would confirm us in the opinion that Mr. Church is not a great colorist. We know the exquisite tints of American shrubs and flowers transplanted from their natural soil, and then we ask why they should lose their brilliant, luminous appearance and delicacy by being painted in the tropics. The painting might have been expected to be startling in its vividness, yet, on the contrary, it is opaque—the texture reminding us of German painting on copper. It is summer, but there is no warmth—there is sun, but it is simply light, without heat. The mountains are leaden, like the clouds—the sky has no luminousness. There is no tender dying away of tint, without which Mr. Ruskin has said there is no good, no right color. We much regret that Mr. Church has never been in Europe—has never seen the masterpieces of his art. Nor, for the present, is he likely to do so, for he is now devoting his ambitious energies to painting icebergs in Greenland. It is impossible, however, that so determined and adventurous a man should fail to achieve success, with youth, talent, and discipline in his favor. His fellow countrymen admire and applaud him because he "sticks at nothing." He should follow the bent of his own genius, without forgetting his real public—men with eyes and hearts trained in the study of the noblest works of art. To them he must look to win his highest praise—higher than the admiration of the untravelled American connoisseur. We look on Mr. Church as the probable founder of a school of landscape painting. Something grand and revolutionary in art should, one might expect, be originated by the influences of nature on a grand scale, moulding the minds of those who study the secrets of her beauty; yet this is not necessarily the result, if we may generalize from a particular instance, and speculate whether it is as true of a people as it is of an individual, that the first flights of genius are rarely very original. There is an old way of trying wings to feel how high they may soar.

Transatlantic literature has as yet scarcely produced any great national work. The best books are, for the most part, founded on Eu-

ropean models—the most original are wild shoots grafted on the Old World stock. Will it be the same in art as in literature? Shall we see a gradual development, or shall we be startled out of all precedents by true American art, Minerva-like, springing full-grown into the astonished world? The "Falls of Niagara," by Mr. Church, would make us incline to the latter hypothesis; and we await what he may hereafter send us with the greatest curiosity and interest.

London News, July 4.

"THE HEART OF THE ANDES"—PAINTED BY CHURCH.

ONE of the most remarkable pictures exhibited this season is now on view at the German Gallery, New Bond Street. The artist—Mr. Church, the American—has already established a high reputation in this country by his extraordinary painting of the Falls of Niagara. Never before had the majesty of that scene, with all its infinite variety of toiling, foaming, eddying, glancing, crashing, broken, water-surface, been so impressively presented to the eye. Other representations may have been good for recollection, but the suggestiveness of that alone enabled those who had not seen the great Falls to form some idea of the gloriously terrible reality. The present picture is a worthy companion to the last. Mr. Church seems to have proposed to realize the climax and acme of all that is grandest and most epical in his own great twin continent. Here we have a pictorial poem upon the immovable mountain-majesty of the great South-American Cordilleras; before, we had the most stupendous leap and plunge of the great rolling North-American flood.

The "Heart of the Andes" is a scene hitherto unexplored by the painter; but Humboldt, with truth, observed that in no other section of the globe, not excepting the Alps and the Himalayas, could the landscape painter acquire such an extent and variety of knowledge suited to his purposes, and receive such inspiration and impulse. Our own landscape painters, even after their annual trip to Snowdon, might well sigh for such a new world as this to conquer. On the other hand, Mr. Church, our American cousin—or rather let us say brother—has little or nothing to learn from the experience of the oldest European school or master. Yet, marvellous

as are the skilful composition and comprehensive knowledge here displayed, Mr. Church has never studied in the most conventional sense of the word; he has never visited the great galleries of art out of America. But he has done better; he has devoted several years to the study at first hand of the noble coast and mountain scenery of his native land. This was the training he had received before he resolved to open up for himself a field entirely new to all modern artists of note and ability. Original and elevated, however, as was his theme, he brought to it powers and capacity fully commensurate. The pre-Raphaelite minuteness and self-evident accuracy of the foreground, and the broadly generalized, delicately graduated, and atmospheric distance of this picture, prove that the artist unites almost a contrariety of gifts. Breadth and finish are almost perfectly harmonized. The only obvious fault of the picture proves indeed the artist loves nature, not, perhaps, altogether wisely, but too well. Some of the foreground foliage, for example, is focussed in a kind of burning-glass intensity of sunlight, in order to more forcibly "pick out" certain beautiful points of detail. It may be pleaded that this gives, by contrast, greater value to the softness of the distance, and affords a key to the whole picture. But an artist should avoid every appearance of trick, and the old hackneyed maxim, that the perfection of art is to conceal itself, can never, after all, be too often repeated. It occurred

to us also that the smooth surface and glassy reflections of the river are scarcely natural so immediately beneath a waterfall, though making every allowance for its swiftly gliding to another fall. But where there is such wonderfully varied merit and many landscape excellencies of the very highest order, it is almost hypercritical to make any exception whatever. We would gladly attempt to convey some general idea of this truly great picture, but that our space would not permit us to sketch ever so imperfectly all the richness here accumulated, as it were, from every zone and climate; all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, of impenetrable sloping silvas and interminable table-land, and of great Andean snow-created mountains, whose ranges almost bisect the earth, and from whose sides gush streams whose course is measured by the breadth of continents. In such a scene as this, Man, with his little red-roofed speck of distant hut, and even at his wayside worship before the crucifix, dwindles into pigmy insignificance. Over all this panorama of power, and majesty, and beauty, there mantles, however, only a sentiment of repose, calculated to awaken a still, deep feeling of veneration. Turner himself, in wildest imagination, never painted a scene of greater magnificence than this view, which wears all the impress of Nature's own unrivalled reality. We can only sum up that we recommend all who have any love of either nature or art to take an early opportunity of seeing a work which is in every way a triumph.

MESSERS. Sampson Low and Co. are preparing for continuous publication, at a very low price, an Index to Current Literature, a work that promises to be of great utility to the general reader no less than to literary men. The first part will appear on the 15th of October, and will be continued quarterly, unless the majority of subscribers prefer that the publication should be monthly. Mr. Low invites suggestions on this and other points; and we earnestly advise our readers to promote by every means in their power the success of a work which bids fair to supply, at the low cost of 4s. a year, a long-experienced desideratum in literature. For want of it our system of catalogues is at fault, and our daily accumulating stores of books and

pamphlets are as it were locked up from all but the professed literateur, and to a great extent even from him. "My aim," says Mr. Low, "is to compile a work which shall in itself prove a ready-reckoner of what is written on any given subject during the current quarter, and which without being confined to the titles of books may extend its application to the contents of the leading reviews and magazines, and comprehend a reference to essays and newspaper articles, that may be as desirable to secure the means of turning to as to distinct publications: The value of such an index must be too apparent to need enlarging upon, and it will be my aim to make it prove its value to those who may doubt it."—*Spectator*.